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A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Good Heaven! Why, it is Nora Desmond!"—Page 518.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay.
How has she cheapened paradise;
How given for naught her priceless gift;
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

ON one of the most quiet and deeply-shaded of the shaded streets which are the boast of the pleasant Southern city

of Alton, stands a handsome double house with a portico in front, and wide piazzas on the side, running the whole length of the building, and overlooking a flower-garden of considerable extent and great beauty.

Opening by French windows upon the lower of these piazzas is the breakfast-room, into which, on a certain bright morning of May—the 5th of the month, if any one likes to be particular—roses of almost countless number and variety were sending their fragrance, together with the buoyant air and golden sunshine. The breakfast-table, spread with delicate china and bright silver, occupied the centre of the floor; but as yet no mem-

ber of the household had made an appearance on the scene. Despite the fact that the sun had been about the business of lighting and warming the earth long enough, it seemed to rouse all sluggards from repose; despite the impatience of the cook, whose muffins were hopelessly falling, or the gloomy face of the footman, who held punctuality to be a cardinal virtue in masters and mistresses, the clock chimed half-past nine before the first step—a leisurely, creaking, somewhat important step—was heard descending the broad, shallow staircase.

"I'm blest if there isn't master at last!" said Robert, sardonically. "A nice time for

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a man what calls himself a business-man to be comin' down to breakfast! No!"—as the cook expressed her anxiety anew with regard to the muffins—"I ain't a-goin' to take up the things till they ring for 'em. He won't want his breakfast till somebody comes down to keep him company; he's one of the sociable kind what don't like to eat by himself."

The gentleman thus characterized meanwhile entered the breakfast-room, newspaper in hand and eye-glass on nose. "A fine-looking, portly gentleman!" was the usual popular verdict on Mr. Middleton; and, for once, the popular verdict was an eminently just one. He stood six feet in the elaborately-worked slippers which he wore, and which were innocent of heels, while his size was in proportion to his height. He had a fresh, ruddy complexion, well-cut features of the nondescript kind, which we see on ninety-nine American faces out of a hundred, and keen, brown eyes, with a flash of humor in them. Add to this his brown hair, turning gray, and his brown whiskers, worn à l'Anglaise, and you have a picture of the man as he sat down by one of the open windows, and began to glance over the newspaper, while he waited for the appearance of some feminine body who could pour out his coffee and give a friendly countenance to the empty table, Robert having been right in saying that he was a sociable man, who did not like to take his breakfast alone.

He had not long to wait. Before the clock over the mantel had chimed another quarter, a lighter step was heard descending the staircase, and the sweep of a feminine dress sounded across the hall. A minute later a slender, graceful woman of middle age entered the room—a woman who had probably never been pretty, but who had plainly always been distinguished-looking, and under whose manner of well-bred repose a great deal of nervous force was latent. She wore a becoming trifle of a morning-cap on her glossy, dark hair, and was dressed in that sheer, crisp lawn which inspires such refreshing thoughts of coolness on a warm summer morning, so that, despite the fact of his having been kept waiting for at least ten minutes, Mr. Middleton smiled as he looked at her.

"We are all rather late this morning," said he. "I am afraid an engagement in the house does not agree with us."

"Do you think the engagement has any thing to do with our being late?" asked Mrs. Middleton, as she moved across the room and touched a bell, which announced that breakfast might be brought up. "I am late because I scarcely slept at all last night; and, after unusual wakefulness, one is apt to fall asleep rather heavily in the morning."

"And what was the reason of the unusual wakefulness?" asked her husband. "Have you never heard of such a thing as cause and effect? I think it probable that you would have slept quite as well as usual if Leslie had not come back from her ride yesterday evening and informed us that she was engaged to Mr. Tyndale."

"Of course, I thought of Leslie," said the lady, deprecatingly. "How could I help think-

ing of her when we are obliged to face—so unexpectedly, too—the necessity of giving her up?"

"It ought not to have been unexpected to you. Women generally see such things even before they exist."

"They must be very clever women, then," said Mrs. Middleton, with a laugh. "I am not a very clever woman, you know, and I am usually content with seeing them when they do exist. I cannot understand my blindness in this instance," she went on, shaking her head as if in rebuke of her own stupidity, "unless my state of false security was the reaction from the nervous suspicion with which I viewed all of Leslie's admirers when she first entered society. I thought every lamb a wolf then; and, when the wolf really came, I thought him a lamb."

"You might have known that this would come to pass some time, however."

"Of course I knew it; but I hoped—well, you know what I hoped. That is all over now," said she, sitting down, with a sigh; "and I suppose there is nothing for it but to allow her to marry the man with whom she has fallen in love."

"If you are laying that down as a general principle," said Mr. Middleton, "I must say that I disagree with you. Because Leslie falls in love with a man is no reason whatever for allowing her to marry him—if he should chance to be an undesirable person."

"But Arthur Tyndale is not an undesirable person," said Mrs. Middleton, in a distinctly aggrieved tone.

"I did not say that he was," replied her husband. "It was only the general principle to which I objected. Girls are not exactly famous for wisdom of matrimonial choice."

"Foolish girls make foolish choices," said the lady, sententiously. "But not girls like our Leslie."

"Do you think our Leslie has made a very wise one?" asked Mr. Middleton, significantly.

"I am as sorry as possible that she has made any at all," was the quick reply; "but, as far as the choice itself is concerned, I do not think that it is possible to call it an unwise one. At least it would be difficult to find an objection to Arthur Tyndale. I know nothing whatever to be said against him." (This in a tone which left a decided impression that the speaker would have been glad if there had been something to say against him.)

"Nor for him!" added her husband, dryly. "It is a very great mistake to suppose that a character is admirable when it is merely made up of negatives," he went on, after a short pause. "There are positive virtues, as well as positive vices. Because young Tyndale has none of the last, is no earthly reason for taking for granted that of necessity he has all of the first. I don't like him!" he ended, shortly. "There's not the stuff in him I hoped to find in Leslie's husband."

"I think you underrate him," said Mrs. Middleton, in that tone of painful candor with which we bear unwilling testimony to the good name of a person whom privately we have strong reasons for disapproving. "He is young, well-born, and wealthy—peo-

ple might well think us very unreasonable not to be satisfied; and yet I had so set my heart on Carl!"

"Confound Carl!" interrupted Mr. Middleton, irritably. It was not often that he was betrayed into so much heat of expression; but, as he flung his paper aside impatiently, it was impossible not to think that he would have liked to fling it at the head of the absent Carl. "What the fellow is doing I can't tell!" he went on, walking to the table and sitting down. "He certainly pays very little attention to my wishes or requests for his return."

"The loss is his!" said Mrs. Middleton—and, as she drew herself up, her color rose.

"But the annoyance is ours!" returned her husband, shortly. "I shall have all the vexation of making a will, of dividing and deciding about my property—pshaw! Give me a cup of coffee, and let me get down to the bank and drive all this worry out of my head!"

The coffee, which had made its appearance by this time, was poured out, and, while Mr. Middleton received his cup, a door opened and closed in the upper regions of the house, a fresh young voice was heard singing several bars of a song, pair of high French heels came with a quick patter down the staircase, the rustle of soft drapery swept across the hall, and into the breakfast-room entered a slender, graceful girl, with one of those fair, high-bred faces, which instinctively remind one of a white rose.

"Good-morning, uncle," she said, dropping a light kiss on the top of Mr. Middleton's head—where there was a considerable bald spot—as she passed on her way to her own seat. "How nice and cool you look!" she went on, scanning him with critical approval as she sat down. "I certainly do like to see men wear linen in summer.—Thanks, yes, auntie—coffee, if you please. I have seen you before this morning, have I not?"

"I was in your room an hour ago," said Mrs. Middleton; "but I scarcely fancied that you saw me. You seemed fast asleep just then."

"There you were mistaken," said Leslie. "I heard you ask Maria how I had slept—as if Maria knew!"

"I was afraid you might have been feverish from having been caught in the rain yesterday afternoon."

"There was scarcely rain enough to wet a pocket-handkerchief," said the young lady, "and Mr. Tyndale insisted on our riding so fast that we did not have time to get wet. It was delightful, but rather breathless!—I began to feel as if I might emulate the accomplished Dazzle, who could ride any thing, from a broomstick to a flash of lightning, you know."

"I suppose it did not occur to Mr. Tyndale that your horse might have taken fright and broken your neck," said Mr. Middleton, dryly.

"Perhaps he looked upon it in the light of a neck which he had a right to break," answered Leslie, composedly. "At least I had told him a short time before that he might have it if he chose."

"I don't think he need have been in quite

such a haste for all that," retorted her uncle. "Time enough for murder after matrimony."

Leslie laughed—it is easy to laugh at even the poorest jest when one is young and happy, and the world seems absolutely overflowing with sunshine—and when she laughed, she looked, if possible, prettier than before. Animation was especially becoming to her face, for it waked all manner of entrancing dimples around her mouth, deepened the delicate flush on her cheeks, and kindled a bright gleam in her soft gray eyes. She was a charmingly harmonious creature, with an aroma of unconscious refinement about her. Not a line-and-measure beauty, by any means. Not a woman who could defy criticism, or serve under any circumstances as a model for a sculptor. Many a painter, however, might have been glad of such a study as she made, sitting there in the fresh glory of her youth, with a ray of sunlight brightening the silken meshes of her brown hair, and touching with a pencil of light her pure white brow, over which a few light soft tresses wandered free. "A born child of prosperity," almost any one would have said, looking at her, and yet—although life had from her early childhood been a very fair and pleasant thing to Leslie Grahame—she had not, strictly speaking, been born to the gifts of fortune which she had enjoyed. Her eyes had first opened upon a very different prospect indeed—the more common prospect of those thorny by-ways and toilsome paths of poverty which are intensified in bitterness by memories of gentle rearing and the consciousness of gentle birth. Her father—Mrs. Middleton's only brother—had been a cavalry-officer, who lost his life in a fight with the Comanches in Texas. Her mother was a weak and foolish woman, who, being little more than a girl at the time of this event, cried herself sick in the first two weeks of her "bereavement," then wiped away her tears with the facility of a child, and very soon married again in a manner calculated to draw down upon herself the condemnation of society and the indignant reprobation of all her friends. These friends, who had objected to her first husband on the score of that impecuniosity which seems to attend the profession of arms in all countries and at all times, felt themselves deeply outraged by this second choice, which quite dwarfed the foolish romance that had made a silly school-girl elope with a penniless soldier. Their remonstrances, however, were heeded as remonstrances usually are when those who utter them have only power to—remonstrate. The young widow persisted in bestowing her heart and hand upon a plausible, handsome adventurer, of whose antecedents no one knew any thing, and whose habits of life were notoriously disreputable. That he was an Irishman, a slight accent—it could scarcely have been called a brogue—betrayed to Anglo-Saxon ears. But, further than that, even gossip was unable to penetrate, for he was only temporarily living in America when he met Mrs. Grahame. Why he married her is one of the mysteries which are beyond the ken of men or angels to fathom; but it is likely that, with an interesting widow in deep erape, he associated some substantial expectations—destined, if so, to vanish into the

thinkest of thin air. Why she married him, requires no explanation, for she was one of those women, who seem born to do foolish things from their cradles to their graves, and was, besides, of the large class to whom a husband is a simple necessity of life. Immediately after their marriage, Mr. Desmond (such was the gentleman's well-sounding name) took his wife abroad—the continent of Europe being then, as now, the grand resort of all Bohemians of his class—insisting, however, that she should leave behind the child of her first marriage. She made little demur to this peremptory demand. Mrs. Middleton, who had been married several years, was very glad to adopt the little waif, and, with a tempest of weak tears, the mother parted from her child—as it chanced, forever.

For, of course, she never returned. Two children were born abroad, and then, worn out by the vicissitudes of a wandering, shifting life, all prettiness gone from her face, all health from her body, all strength (if such a thing had ever existed) from her mind, the poor, faded wreck bowed her head and died. She had kept up a sort of straggling correspondence with little Leslie—to whom, in her bright, luxurious home, "mamma" was the dimmest of dim memories—but her other relations had long since dropped all communication with her, and there was no one to care particularly when a foreign letter sealed with black came to Mr. Middleton, in which Mr. Desmond informed him that Mrs. Desmond had died on a certain day of a certain month at Coblenz-on-the-Rhine. Mr. Middleton acknowledged the receipt of this information by a business-like letter, remarkable only for its brevity; and the result on Leslie's life consisted in the fact that, for several months, she was reluctantly compelled to wear black sashes with her white frocks.

By the time this young lady grew up, everybody had quite forgotten the poor, foolish woman safely laid to rest in her foreign grave. Miss Grahame was a beauty—according to the not very high popular standard of beauty—an heiress, and a very bright, pleasant girl besides, so it was not wonderful that she made quite a success at her first appearance in society. It was not a success which diminished, either—as successes often do—when season after season rolled away, and the pretty belle remained certainly not unsought, yet assuredly unwon. Perhaps there was safety of heart and fancy in the multitude of her admirers; or perhaps she felt an obligation to brighten, for a few years of her youth, the kind home that had sheltered her childhood. It is to her credit that Leslie laid much stress on the latter consideration; yet it is likely enough that, if she had ever been seriously "interested," as old-fashioned people say, this obligation would have shared the fate that such obligations mostly do when opposed to the master-passion of mankind. However this might be, the fact remained the same. Suitors came and suitors went, but Leslie shook her head and said them nay, until one came to whom the girl's heart surrendered with all the more abandon that it had held out stoutly for so long.

Why this desirable person, against whom nothing could be said, was not so fortunate

as to secure the approval of the guardians as well as the heart of the lady, may be explained in the fact that his wooing and success had knocked over, like a house of cards, a very pretty little plan which the Middletons had erected for their own present and future satisfaction. Seeing Leslie remain fancy free so long, these good people had been tempted to think what a pleasant thing for them it would be if they could only keep her with them altogether, and, as the best means of attaining this desired end, they thought of one Carl Middleton—a nephew of the banker—who had been educated abroad, but was shortly expected home—who should, indeed, have been at home considerably before this time. Of course, he could not but fall in love with Leslie—so Mrs. Middleton argued, in the partial fondness of her heart—and, being a frank, pleasant young fellow, with his due share of the Middleton good looks, it was likely enough that Leslie might fall in love with him, in which case it was a long and happy vista that opened before the astute match-maker's eyes. It will be seen what a bomb-shell to the foundations of this castle in Spain Arthur Tyndale had proved; and also why Mr. and Mrs. Middleton were not properly grateful to Providence for the many worldly advantages that surrounded Miss Grahame's fortunate suitor.

After Mr. Middleton's last remark, there was silence round the breakfast-table for some time. They tried to look and seem as usual, but there was an uncomfortable sense of constraint about them. They each felt, in a different way, that the golden charm of home had been broken—how much or how little no one could tell—that a jarring element had entered their life, and that, whatever the future might hold for them, the fair, serene past had ended yesterday. There never were people who, in their domestic life, were more at ease with each other, and it was strange to see how they hesitated just now—each seeming in doubt what to say. Finally, Mr. Middleton spoke again:

"I suppose, Leslie, that I shall see Tyndale some time this morning?"

"He said he would certainly see you," Leslie answered, coloring a little, but otherwise preserving that composure which she had been taught to observe as one of the chief duties of life.

"And what am I to tell him?" asked her uncle half jestingly, yet with a certain amount of tenderness in his keen, brown eyes.

"Just what you please, I am sure," answered Miss Grahame, quietly. "I told him yesterday all that mattered very much."

"So he merely comes to me as a matter of complimentary form?"

"Not exactly that. Of course, he knows that my consent is worth nothing without yours; but then he must also know that objection is out of the question as far as he is concerned. There is not a flaw to be found in Arthur," added the young lady, proudly.

"Well, that is going rather far," said her uncle. "Objection may be out of the question," he added, reluctantly, "but I would not advise you to make a demi-god of him on that account, my dear. Be content that he is a very clever young fellow, as men go—but

with plenty of flaws, you may be sure, when you come to know him. And so" (his voice changing a little), "you are really going to leave us?—we are really to lose our little girl!"

"O uncle, don't—don't make me cry!" pleaded Leslie, with something like a gasp in her throat, and a tremulous, beseeching glance in her eyes. "I made up my mind this morning that I would not be sentimental or foolish, and that I would look at things from a practical, common-sense point of view. There is nothing whatever to be melancholy about. People are married every day."

"That is very true," said Mr. Middleton, "and, according to the same argument, a good many of them die, too; but somehow we don't get used to it."

"O George!" cried his wife, "what a comparison!"

"I am trying to teach Leslie logic, my dear," said George. "You know I never succeeded in teaching it to you. It seems that it is a settled thing, then, that we are to kill the fatted calf," he went on rather hastily—perhaps to do away with the impression of his last remark. "I hope, however, Tyndale doesn't mean to take possession of you at once, Leslie. He'll spare you to us for some time to come, eh?"

"I have not asked him any thing about it," answered Leslie; "but I shall not think of being married before the autumn. I"—here she hesitated a minute—"I have been thinking of something that I should like to ask you, uncle—and you, aunt."

"We are all attention," said Mr. Middleton, elevating his eyebrows as he glanced up, for such a grave preface was very unlike Leslie.

"You may think it very foolish, and you may even think it very unreasonable," said Leslie, looking first at one and then at the other, "but, indeed, I have considered it seriously, and I should like it very much, if you have no objection."

"My dear," said Mrs. Middleton, "you know that you could scarcely ask any thing which we would not be glad to grant. But, of course, we cannot know what you want unless you tell us."

"No—of course not," said Leslie, laughing nervously. "The fact is," she continued, "I am afraid you will disapprove of my request; but, indeed, I have set my heart on it. How stupid I am!" she went on with a burst of impatience. "I have made you think all sorts of things, when all that I want is to ask you if I may invite one of my sisters to come and see me."

It certainly sounded like a moderate request, yet one more astonishing, and, in fact, more dismaying, could scarcely have been made. Mr. and Mrs. Middleton looked at each other silently, while Leslie—after a pause—continued:

"You see I have thought so often of poor mamma and of the girls—my sisters—whom I have never known. Only the other day I was reading over mamma's letters, and my heart smote me to think what my life is and what theirs has doubtless been. Of course, I could do nothing for them while I had no home of my own; but—but I shall soon have

that, and I should like to know something of them, so as to see how best to benefit them."

"No home of your own, Leslie!" repeated Mrs. Middleton. "It seems to me that is a hard thing to say to us."

"Dearest aunt, don't you understand?" said the girl, earnestly. "What I mean is, that I could not ask you to take them as you took me. You would have thought it only kindness to me to refuse. But, you see, my engagement seems such a good reason to offer for asking one of them to come, that I thought you would not mind it for a little while. We could see what she is like, you know, and—if she is nice, I am sure it would be very pleasant for her to live with me until she married, or something of that kind."

Again Mr. and Mrs. Middleton looked at each other—this time despairingly. They both saw plainly the nature of the plan which this foolish girl had been building, and they both saw, also, the hopelessness of opposing it. Still, in their different ways, each of them tried a little argument.

"The idea is very natural, and does you credit, my dear," said Mr. Middleton, "but I think you ought to consider that you may be preparing a great deal of trouble for yourself, by opening any closer communication with such—such people as those."

"What kind of trouble?" asked Leslie.

Mr. Middleton looked annoyed, and pushed his cup rather sharply away.

"I thought you knew that your mother's second husband was an adventurer," he said. "Neither he nor his daughters are fit associates for you."

"But I don't want to associate with him," answered Leslie, simply; "and, as for his daughters, they are my sisters. I can't alter that fact, however much I neglect them. And their father's character makes me all the more anxious to do something for them."

"But you may do yourself great injury," urged Mrs. Middleton. "People who remember your mother's second marriage will talk very disagreeably; and Mr. Tyndale may very naturally object to such a connection."

Leslie drew herself up like a queen—her fair skin flushing with a tide of blood, which well deserved the poetic epithet of "generous."

"You are very kind to think of me as you always have done, auntie," she said; "but I care nothing for what other people may say; and, as for Arthur—he will not be likely to marry me unless he is willing to receive my sisters into his house."

Mrs. Middleton moved uneasily. Nothing could have been more trying to her than to see such an idea as this take possession of Leslie's mind.

"My dear," she said, gravely, "can you not trust your uncle and myself when we assure you that these are not people with whom you should burden your life? You have no idea what manner of man your mother's second husband was; and these girls are not only his daughters, but they have been his associates, and the associates of his associates, for years. Leslie! promise me to give up such a foolish scheme."

"But," repeated Leslie, "they are my

sisters. If I can save them from such a life, ought I not to do it?"

"Not to the injury of your own life," answered her aunt, quickly.

"My life is made," the girl returned, with the rash confidence of youth. "They might annoy, but they could not injure me; and annoyance I am ready to risk."

"But, my dear child—"

"There! there!" broke in Mr. Middleton, impatiently, "don't you see that she has set her heart on it, and that no words are going to do any good?—You've spoiled her, Mildred, now take the consequences, and write and ask the girl to come—I suppose you don't want both of them?" (looking interrogatively at Leslie).

"No," she answered; "I have thought it over, and decided that I should prefer the elder—the one who writes to me occasionally, and is nearest my age. Her name is Norah—the other is Kate."

"And it is Norah you want?" asked Mr. Middleton, in exactly the tone he might have employed if he had said, "And it is the bay horse you want?"

"Yes, Norah, if she will come."

"There is very little doubt of that," he said, grimly. "I only hope you may not wish the thing undone after it is irrevocably done," he went on, as he rose to leave the room. "But you can write for her, and your aunt will write, too, no doubt. Meanwhile, I will go and read my paper till Tyndale comes. I hope he won't prove a laggard in his wooing, for I have an appointment at the bank in an hour."

CHAPTER II.

"This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone."

Mr. TYNDALE did not prove a laggard in his wooing. Before Mr. Middleton had finished his paper—in fact, before he had succeeded in dismissing Leslie's troublesome request from his mind, so as to satisfactorily master the rates of exchange and the political intelligence—the library-door opened, and a gentleman was ushered in by Robert, who knew the gentleman's business quite as well as he knew it himself. He was a handsome young man of six- or seven-and-twenty, fair-haired, and silken-mustached, with a complexion like a girl's, violet eyes, and a slender, elegant figure, which he carried with remarkable grace.

Mr. Middleton met him cordially. Because Arthur Tyndale was not the husband whom he would have chosen for his pretty Leslie was no reason why the fortunate suitor should not receive at his hands all the consideration which was his due—and a good deal of consideration was esteemed in society Mr. Tyndale's due. He not only represented one of the oldest names in the State, but he had come into a large property at his majority, which, as yet, had been very moderately converted into ducks and drakes. Tempted, as few men are tempted, by the union of perfect liberty, wealth, and good looks, he had preserved a very clear record—the record of a

thorough-bred gentleman and an unexceptionably "good fellow"—in the face of the world; and, altogether, as Mr. Middleton had already admitted, with some degree of reluctance, there was nothing with which the most carpentering guardian could possibly have found fault. No one was better aware of these facts than the gentleman himself, in consequence of which his manner was perhaps a little too well-assured in preferring his suit. Not that he exhibited any offensive self-confidence—he had too much high-breeding for that—but he was not entirely successful in wholly banishing a certain consciousness of safety, which was a trifle irritating to his companion. All objection being out of the question, however, the matter was soon settled, due congratulations were uttered, hands were shaken, and then Mr. Tyndale was at liberty to betake himself to the drawing room, where Leslie was awaiting him.

She was standing when he entered by an open window, looking absently out over a green square, in the tall trees of which a multitude of birds were singing, while children played and nurses gossiped along the shaded walks, and a stream of pedestrians passed continually through the wide iron gates.—Hearing his step, she turned, with something even brighter than the May sunshine on her face.

"Is it all settled?" she asked, smiling, as he approached; for she knew perfectly well what his answer would be.

"It is all settled," he answered, taking her into his arms and kissing her. "You are mine, Leslie!"

"Am I?" asked Leslie, drawing back, as if half inclined to dispute the assertion. But then she laughed and yielded to his eager embrace. "I believe I am," she said, answering her own question with a slight sigh.

"Are you sorry for it?" he asked, quickly. "Ah, Leslie, surely not! Surely you believe that nobody has ever loved you half so well as I! Wait until I have proved it to you; wait until I have put it to the test and made you believe it by other signs than mere words; and then tell me, if you dare, that you are sorry for having come to me!"

"Did I say I was sorry?" demanded Leslie. "You should not take things so much for granted. If I sighed a little it was only because my freedom is the best thing I have ever possessed; and I don't like the thought of giving it up."

"Do you think you will be giving it up to me?" he asked, smiling. "I think time will prove that you have only gained another slave."

But, like a true daughter of Eve, Leslie shook her head.

"Suppose I don't want another?" she said. "I have had slaves enough. By way of variety, I think I should like to be domineered over a little. Just a little, Arthur; not enough to be disagreeable."

"I can safely promise that it will be exceedingly little," said Tyndale, laughing. "You were born queen-regnant, my Leslie, and so I think you will die. At least"—shrugging his shoulders—"I am sure I have not the where-withal to make a tyrant even of the mildest type. My constitutional indolence rather in-

clines me to prefer being hem-pecked. It would be a pleasure to be put in leading-strings by such fingers as these."

He lifted her small, white, lissome hands as he spoke, but before he could carry them to his lips Leslie took them into her own possession, and, placing one on each of his shoulders, repeated, with a very gracious sweetness, the charming words in which Portia makes her self-surrender:

"... the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unshoed, unpractised:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

What Tyndale's answer was, it is not difficult to imagine. The lips which had uttered these words were very near his own, and he was very much in love. In truth, it was a new side of her character which Leslie was showing him just now—a more charming side, he thought, than he had seen yet. She had not been won without difficulty—this fair, proud maiden—she was not a woman to drop like a ripe cherry into any man's hand; but he felt more than repaid for all that she had cost him as the fair, graceful head went down on his shoulder.

But it is scarcely worth while to dwell on this part of the interview. Everybody agrees in considering "engaged" people very tiresome. To the general mind there seems something especially stupid in felicity which is accomplished and secure. It is likely that we might even weary of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, of *Max* and *Thella*, if the course of true love had, in either case, run smooth. The reader can afford to be patient, however, with the bit of tame happiness—undisturbed by doubt, untortured by agony—which has just been sketched. As far as one, at least, was concerned, it was very nearly the last of cloudless sunshine.

For, before long, Leslie began to bestow confidence and claim sympathy from her lover, on the score of her late discussion with her uncle and aunt. The matter was laid in all its bearings before him, and then she asked pathetically if he thought she had been unreasonable or unkind in pressing her point.

Mr. Tyndale's reply was prompt and satisfactory. He agreed with her in every thing—though his sympathy partook largely of the nature of a blind faith, since he evidently had conceived only the vaguest possible idea of the whole question. Step-sisters, were they?—no, half-sisters. Well, at all events, she was perfectly right to do all she could for them. As for their father being an adventurer—what did that have to do with the matter? A great many very good people had disreputable fathers; and, indeed, adventurers were sometimes amazingly pleasant fellows—Mr. Tyndale could certify to that from personal knowledge. Besides, were not their friends the Middletons just a trifle narrow-minded and old-fashioned in their ideas?

Perhaps the gentleman in question only lived rather a fast life, as gentlemen often did abroad—and at home, too, for that matter. Leslie was much comforted by these lib-

eral opinions; but over the latter theory she shook her head.

"I am afraid the father is certainly a very dreadful person," she said; "but still, his daughters are my sisters, and I am so glad—so very glad—that you agree with me about them."

"Of course I agree with you," said Mr. Tyndale, secretly a good deal bored, for he had not come to talk over disagreeable family questions with his pretty lady-love. "It is never good style to cut one's relations unless they are absolutely disgraceful. Now, these may be very charming girls, despite the fact of their father being a *chevalier d'industrie*—for, I take it, from what you say, that is just about what he is. Fortunately, he is not related to you, so it will be easy enough to drop him."

"Oh, certainly," answered Leslie, hastily—having never had the least intention of taking him up in the first instance. "It is such a relief to find that you are not prejudiced, as some men would have been, Arthur," she went on. "Aunt Mildred really made me quite uneasy. She said you would be sure to object to such a connection."

"My darling, a man who has seen as much of the world as I have has no prejudices," said Mr. Tyndale, superbly. "And as to objecting to the connection—I am afraid I should not be sufficiently orthodox to object to Old Nick, if I had to take him along with you."

"I am very much obliged to you for the association of ideas."

"I only wanted to put it as forcibly as possible. It would be hard lines if any of us were accountable for our relations—much less for anybody whom our relations may take it into their heads to marry! There never was a man more cursed with disagreeable relations than I have been," he pursued, frankly. "Except Max, I really don't think there's a decent one among the whole rank and file."

"But none of them are *chevaliers d'industrie*?"

"No—they rather go in for the heavy, respectable line. But I have seen a good many *chevaliers d'industrie* whom I would take, ten to one, so far as agreeable qualities go."

"What a pity your friends could not hear you!" said Leslie, laughing. "Disagreeable relations must be exceedingly unpleasant, however. Fortunately, I have never been tried by them. I often wonder what my sisters are like," she went on, musingly. "They may be nice—mamma came of very nice people, you know. Then Norah's photograph is certainly very pretty. Don't you feel prepossessed toward pretty people? I always do. *A propos*, I must show you her photograph, and see what you think of it."

"Never mind just now," said Tyndale, who, being comfortable, felt indolent. "I don't mean to be ungrateful—but you can show it to me any time, you know; and I care little for the photograph of any woman under the sun, while I have you beside me."

"That is very complimentary," said Leslie; "but still I want you to see Norah's likeness. You are one of the few people whose judgment I can trust with regard to beauty; and I think she is beautiful."

"Is she?" asked he, carelessly. "Well, if it must be—where is the picture?"

"It is hanging in my room. Ring the bell, and I will send for it."

Tyndale rang the bell; but, after a message had been dispatched by Robert to Miss Graham's maid, he entered a feeling protest against the proceeding.

"Cannot this wait?" he asked. "It is not often that Fate gives us such a happy hour as this—why should we bring the everyday things of life to jar upon it? Why can't we fancy ourselves in paradise or Arcadia, where sisters and step-fathers never come?"

Some women would have been offended by the frankness of this speech; but Leslie only laughed—laughed and extended her hand to Maria, who entered at that moment with a photograph mounted and framed in velvet and gilt.

"I think the truth is, that you are terribly bored," she said, after the maid was gone. "Still, if you desire it, we will not talk of the matter any more. But you must look at Norah's picture for all that."

She held up the picture as she spoke, and bending slightly—for he was rather near-sighted—Arthur Tyndale saw the face stamped thereon with what Mr. Collins calls "the stern justice of photography."

It was not a very stern justice in this instance; nor was it a face which, having seen once, any man would be likely to forget—and Tyndale, as it chanced, had cause to know it well. He was a man of the world, and, according to the fashion of his class, had himself pretty well in hand against awkward surprises; but the awkwardness—the terrible unexpectedness—of this, threw him completely off his guard.

"Good Heaven!" he said, before he knew what he was about. "Why, it is Norah Desmond!"

"What!—do you know her?" cried Leslie, in uncontrollable amazement. "Of course, it is Norah—who else should it be? But do you know her, Arthur?"

"Is she your sister?" asked Tyndale, hurriedly—his fair skin several shades fairer than it had been the minute before. "She—this girl?"

"Of course, she is my sister," repeated Leslie, more and more astonished. "Do you know her?—have you seen her? You must have seen her to recognize her picture. But where was it? How strange it seems that you should know her!"

"Yes—very strange!" said he, with lips that slightly quivered. "But coincidences happen very often, you know, and—and you are sure there is no mistake, Leslie?" he cried, again. "You are sure this is the likeness of your sister?"

"What possible mistake could there be?" asked Leslie. "Norah sent me the picture as her likeness. I have never seen her, however. If you have, you ought to know whether or not it is she."

"Yes, it is she," he answered—looking at the pictured face before him, and, hating its brilliant fairness with all his heart, he still could not deny that it was she.

"But you have not told me yet how you met her—or when—or where!" said Leslie,

eagerly. "Of course, it must have been abroad; but tell me all about it. How strange it seems that you should have seen her and not know that she was my sister! Tell me all about it, Arthur!"

"Don't be impatient," said he. "I—I will tell you." Then he stopped a second, as if to clear his throat, and reviewed the situation in his mind. It was rather a desperate one; and, seeing only a single avenue of escape, he determined to lie, with a readiness of resource which would have done credit to the hero of a French play. "It does not follow that I know Miss Desmond because I recognize her likeness," he went on. "Any man who has been to Baden-Baden, or to Homburg, might do that. She is somewhat of a celebrity at all those places."

The significance of his tone was more marked than his words. The bright blood sprang into Leslie's face, and her eyes opened on him with a look for which he was not prepared—a look that almost made him sorry for having implied so much.

"What do you mean?" asked she, somewhat haughtily. "I confess I do not understand."

"Don't look that way, my darling," he answered, hurriedly. "I only mean that—that Miss Desmond is a very fast woman. And that I was—that I am—exceedingly surprised to find that she is your sister."

"Norah!—are you sure it is Norah?" cried Leslie. And then—as she, too, felt that the face before her was not one to be mistaken—"O Arthur, how sorry, how very sorry I am! But think what a training the poor girl has had!" the eager, loyal voice went on. "No mother, and such a father! Is it any wonder that she should be fast?"

"I do not think that I have expressed any wonder at the fact," said Mr. Tyndale, quite dryly.

"I am so sorry!" Leslie repeated. For a minute she could say nothing more. Then she went on quickly—too much preoccupied to notice his face very closely—"I am so sorry, too, that you did not know her! You could have told me so much about her; and I feel as if I should like to know something before she comes."

"Before she comes!" Tyndale could do no more than utter just that. "Before she comes, Leslie! Do you mean that you are still thinking of bringing that girl here—after what I have told you?"

His tone took Leslie by surprise, and did not please her. She had a spirit of her own, and Arthur Tyndale saw a flash of it then.

"Why do you suppose that I should not be thinking of it?" she asked. "I have told you that Norah is my sister, and that I mean to ask her to come and visit me. You have told me nothing concerning her which need alter that intention."

"I have told you that she has a very fast reputation," he said, quickly—almost sharply.

"And when did a fast reputation become such a crime in your eyes?" she inquired.

He colored a little. Only a few weeks before, he had been flirting desperately—in the vain hope of making Leslie jealous—with a pretty widow, whose escapades were so

many and so flagrant that she required all the bolstering of wealth and family position to maintain a foothold in society. A ready reply rose to his lips, however—a true enough reply, too, since of the many men who like to flirt with fast women, only a small proportion like to marry them.

"It was always a crime when it came in contact with you," he said. "If there is one thing I desire on earth, it is to keep such women at arm's length from you, Leslie. But it will be impossible to do that if you persist in asking this sister of yours here. Leslie, my darling, trust me in the matter, and promise not to do it!"

If Leslie had been a shade less stanch in her resolve, he would probably have succeeded then, for his handsome eyes pleaded even more powerfully than his words. But the girl was true as steel to her generous purpose, and she did not yield.

"Arthur, dear, don't tempt me," she said. "Somehow I feel as if I must do this—as if I must give Norah at least one chance in life. You can't tell how much I want to do it—if only for poor mamma's sake."

"You owe a vast deal to the mother who left you behind her without a regret," he said, bitterly.

"I do not think she left me without a regret," answered Leslie, flushing. "But, even if it were so, it would not alter my duty."

"That is to say, your inclination."

"I am sorry you think so," she replied, half proudly; "but you are mistaken. If I consulted my inclination, I should do exactly what you wish. Even now"—then she stopped and hesitated a minute—"tell me frankly, Arthur," she went on, "you are a man and should know best. The charge you have brought against my sister is a very indefinite one. Is there any reason why she should not be invited to my uncle's house?"

She faced him with her clear, candid eyes, and seemed to demand an answer as straightforward as her question. It is humiliating to confess, but, with every inclination to continue the course which he had so gallantly opened, Mr. Tyndale found himself compelled to speak the truth.

"There is no reason," he said, "unless you consider what I have already mentioned as a reason."

But Leslie, as if relieved, shook her head and laughed.

"How terribly strait-laced you have become all at once!" she said. "It is such a sudden thing that I think it must be an acute attack, and I can trust Norah to cure you. Poor Norah! Why is that so terrible in her, which is so charming in Mrs. Sandford?"

Tyndale muttered something not very complimentary to Mrs. Sandford under his breath. Then he made one final effort.

"Leslie," he said, gravely, "do you mean to say that you are going to disregard the first—the very first—request which I have ever made to you?"

Leslie looked at him with a sudden keenness in her soft gray eyes which he did not quite fancy. She was not by any means a fond, foolish girl to be hoodwinked at a man's pleasure, but a clever woman, who had not lived twenty-two years in the world for nothing.

ing. It struck her just now that there was an undue amount of eagerness and interest in Tyndale's manner.

" You force me to believe that there is something more in this than you have told me, Arthur," she said. " You have not herebefore counted fastness so terrible a crime that it alone should influence you so strongly against my sister. Again I ask—in fact, I demand—why you object so much to her coming?"

" I have told you why," he answered. " You need not fear that I am concealing any thing from you. If you do not trust me—"

" It is not that I do not trust you—trust you fully and entirely," she interrupted, with a sincerity which made him wince. But you think of me, Arthur, while I think of Norah—poor Norah, who has never had a chance out of that wild Bohemia where she was born. I cannot give up the hope of doing her some good, even"—she paused just here—" even if the issue involved giving up you."

" You could face that alternative with due philosophy, perhaps," said he, bitterly. Then he added suddenly and passionately: " But it will never involve that, Leslie—never, so help me God, so far as I am concerned!"

It was a strange, vehement oath to take in such a connection, and sounded almost as if he wished to bind himself by something which even himself could not break.

SYLVESTRE'S FORTUNE.

THIE family council was assembled, and the family council was in despair. But the phrase is too mild for the occasion: rage and frenzy would better express the collective sentiment of the De Garçayé clan. And all because Monsieur Sylvestre would have his own way!

The case stood thus: M. de Garçayé *père* had just quitted a world in which he had managed to make himself as comfortable as unbounded indulgence and the means to gratify it would permit. Self-denial was a word not in the dictionary of the late estimable De Garçayé. After him the deluge!—a deluge which was now beating about the head of his son and successor, Sylvestre, to whom he left the paternal blessing, the paternal debts, and the wreck of what had been a noble estate.

Then it was that the family conclave met in deliberation on the best means of repairing Sylvestre's fortunes, and then it was that he electrified them all by announcing his intention of repairing them himself; not by any of the methods recognized by "good blood," but with his own head and hands. Remonstrance and reproof were alike wasted; he stood firm in the resolution to sell the estate, pay the debts, and make his own fortune.

" What!" exclaimed the old Comte de Pourceau, twisting up his stiff, gray mustache till it threatened to meet the gray bristles on his venerable head—" sell Château-Vert! sell your father's estate!"

" My father's honor is more precious to

me than my father's estate," answered the young man, quietly.

" But, *sacrébleu!* you are not required to choose between the two. Only consent to the Tesson alliance; what could be more suitable, her fortune in exchange for your name?"

" I will not sell my name," interrupted Sylvestre with warmth.

" No, but you would disgrace it with trade. Bah! a De Garçayé in trade!"

" If my title is to be a hindrance, I will drop it," said Sylvestre, smiling.

There was nothing to be done with him, that was evident. The united council washed its hands of him, shut its eyes to him, and with one accord agreed to ignore so degenerate an offshoot of its stock.

But, in spite of all, Sylvestre held good. He sold the estate and paid the debts, not without a sore heart, it is true; for he was a young man, on the whole, very like other young men, and it is hardly to be supposed that he would not have preferred leisure and luxury in his own class to the toilsome daily bread earned among strangers. But people who will have fine notions must pay for them, and this was the price demanded by Sylvestre's fanciful honor. So he parted with his birth-right, and went to seek his fortune in the counting-house of Rauce & Auban.

It was a great firm, and Sylvestre felt himself very insignificant indeed in the busy swarm about him. He entered without any flourish of trumpets; for he had thought it good to carry out the words spoken in jest, and, dropping his title, was known as plain M. Garçayé among his companions, none of whom guessed what blue blood was running to waste in those ignoble regions of trade. No one was likely to guess it from the will with which he set to work—a will that might have made him a model for those to the manner born.

He had set out with the resolve to make his fortune. At the end of four years he had not done that, indeed, but he had done something else—he had worked himself nearly to death. He received more than one friendly warning that he was keeping too close to the grindstone, but he only smiled incredulously, and ground away harder than ever. Illness made no part of his plan; illness would never make his fortune nor win him back his father's estate. For that was the great unspoken object of Sylvestre's life, to redeem the birth-right he had sold, and call himself once more De Garçayé, of Château-Vert.

But one morning he came to his work so white and haggard that there was an ominous shaking of heads and muttering, about six feet of earth, among the elders of his room, as they watched the unsteady motions with which he obeyed a summons to his principal.

It seemed to Sylvestre, while making his way along as best he could, that he was swimming on the waves, flying through the air, any thing rather than walking on solid ground. He had scarcely time to lay his bundle of papers on M. Rauce's table, when the lightness in his heels seemed of a sudden to rush up to his head, and he dropped into the nearest chair, for the moment completely losing consciousness. He opened his eyes to meet the sharp, black ones of M. Rauce bent on

him, and with an effort staggered to his feet again.

" I beg your pardon," he said, faintly; " I—a moment's dizziness—"

" Sit down again," interrupted M. Rauce, satisfied, apparently, that it was not a case of "the night before;" "no time for ceremony."

" Thanks," said Sylvestre, "but I am quite well now."

" Evidently!" retorted M. Rauce, "since you can hardly hold yourself up," having detected Sylvestre supporting himself against the door-post. "Have the goodness to resume your seat at once."

Reluctantly the young man obeyed, while M. Rauce considered him for a while in silence.

Without intention, Sylvestre had literally worked himself into his principal's good graces. None of those in that gentleman's employ were expected to hold sinecures, but a clerk with such a positive hunger for work was as novel as pleasing to him. So it was with unusual amenity that he addressed him finally:

" You have been overworking, M. Garçayé; I have remarked it before: you must take a vacation."

" Indeed, M. Rauce," said Sylvestre, eagerly, "it is nothing that a day's rest—"

" Bah! a day? A month, you mean."

" It is quite impossible," said Sylvestre, aghast; "I—I could not afford it, M. Rauce."

" Hein? not afford? not afford to eat and sleep for a month at my expense, eh?" and M. Rauce laughed his peculiar short laugh.

Sylvestre colored slightly. Kindly as it was meant, there was something in this downright charity which grated on his sensitive pride. " You are very kind, M. Rauce," he began, "but—"

With all his bluntness, M. Rauce was a man of quick perceptions, and he understood Sylvestre's hesitation at once. "Stop," said he; "suppose we put it differently. Not to make a long story, I have been asked to send somebody to help a blockhead who has managed to get into a mess with his papers, and can't get out again. I own I should be glad to be relieved of any further bother in the matter; and, as for you, you would have the country air and quiet; need work no more than you choose; just enough to give you an appetite, eh? What do you say, will you go?"

" With the greatest pleasure," answered Sylvestre; "and I do not know how to express my thanks—"

" Tu, ta! that's all right. Fair exchange, you know. Off with you, then; and the sooner the better."

" But where to?" asked Sylvestre, smiling. " You have not yet mentioned whom I am to have the honor of assisting."

" Ah, to be sure! It is the manager of the estate of Château-Vert, down in —. You know the place?" he interrupted himself, marking the change in Sylvestre's face.

" I—yes, I know something of it—"

" Ah, well! so much the better; you will know how to make the most of it. Famous air, I'm told; I dare say you can get some shooting, too, if you care for that sort of thing. Nobody but two young women and

an old one on the place; must be overrun with game, I should think."

It was with strangely-mingled sensations that Sylvestre took leave of his employer. When he first heard the name of the estate, he had been on the point of renouncing the agreement; but that would involve a disclosure from which he shrank: besides, after the first pang of chagrin at taking so inferior a position where he should have been master, he reflected how slight a risk of recognition he ran among strangers, and in a place which he had scarcely visited since his boyhood. Then, on the other hand, there was the anticipation of reviewing his birthright, after all these toilsome years; of dwelling once more on the familiar features so graven on his youthful existence, that no later vicissitudes had been able to efface them. Such were the thoughts that occupied his journey: he wondered what changes might have been made by these intruders, as he jealously named them; and, as the wind of the heath blew sweet on his face, and the purple hill-shadows fell far over his way, he exulted to think that here, at least, man's marring hand was powerless.

And yet it was a needless anxiety for the old place. He found it wonderfully little altered, as he went slowly up the avenue, between the double group of flower-beds, winking back a myriad drowsy eyes to the proud gaze of the sun out of the hot, still summer sky; the quaintly-clipped cedars, the swans in the half-filled, weedy moat, and the doves in a flutter about the peacock trailing his colors over the stones of the little inner court; the archway above, with its one patch of green, where a clump of scarlet poppies flaunted, high up, like the house's ensign; even to the old clock-face on the opposite turret, from which, in a boyish freak, he had pruned away the ivy into the semblance of flowing locks and a venerable beard; all was so exactly as he had seen it last, that he was for the moment actually self-deluded, and his first impulse, on catching sight of two girlish figures in the open terrace-parlor, was to advance and do the honors of his house to the strangers. But a pair of wondering blue eyes reminded him too soon that he was himself the stranger, whose credentials must be presented to explain his intrusion.

The family consisted, as M. Rauce had said, of two young women and an old one, though the latter would have been mortally offended by such a classification. Mlle. Mathilde de Montepin had been a beauty in her day, and she did not like to be reminded that that day was over. Her beauty and her blood were her two hobbies; mounted on either of these, she would ride rough-shod over every thing; otherwise, she was not only reasonable, but kind-hearted, as Sylvestre had occasion to learn, for his wan, worn looks aroused her compassion, and gained him privileges not warranted by his position.

It was Mlle. Mathilde who was to be thanked for the preservation of the château in its old-fashioned order. Her reverence for antiquity was so great that she tolerated the present only because it would, some time, be the past. She was the daughter of a house richer in quarters than in money—a house in which,

as she was wont to boast, there had never been a *maliance*, until her sister Aglaure so far forgot herself as to marry a wealthy *bourgeois*, M. Mellot. They were both dead now, and Mlle. Mathilde had prevailed on herself to forgive them, and to take their heiress, Josephine, under the wing that already sheltered her brother's orphan child, Nathalie; but still the plebeian name of Mellot was a perpetual crime to Mlle. Mathilde, not wholly atoned for by the circumstance that its bearer, Josephine, was the possessor of Château-Vert, while Nathalie de Montepin, in whose veins the blood ran unsullied as in her own, was a dependant on the bounty that had reared her from infancy.

As for the two girls, they troubled themselves little enough about it now. What did it matter to them whose was the money and whose the birth? They were young and gay, they had all the wonderful world before them in the future; and, mean time, they had their dreams and each other. What more could they want? Nothing—at least nothing but what Sylvestre's coming supplied. He, too, was young, and youth has an irresistible charm for youth, very apt to defy circumstances and conventions. The new element which hitherto they had not missed began insensibly to give a coloring to the cousins' life.

But for Sylvestre, Aunt Mathilde's indulgence was a cruel kindness to a man in his position. There was such a high thorn-hedge about the roses, it was surely hard to tempt him continually with their sweetness. To do him justice, he meant to be very prudent and not prick his fingers—and is not the prudence of a young man in love proverbial? The better to shun the danger, he would not even recognize it for what it was, and set down to pure home-sickness the blank dismay with which he thought of his nearing departure.

Here, however, Fortune stood his friend, though after rather a savage fashion, indeed. But to be detained at Château-Vert he counted good luck, even at the price of a broken arm. Mlle. Mathilde insisted, M. Rauce consented: what was left Sylvestre but submission to another four weeks of felicity? And the mingled pity and pleasure that shone out of Nathalie's soft eyes, did they not compensate a thousand-fold for any possible pains of his?

For it was not the possessor of Château-Vert on whom the young man had ventured to set his heart—not Josephine, but Nathalie, penniless Nathalie, who had nothing but her blue blood—nothing but her lovely eyes and smile, her sweet words and ways; nothing, in short, but her darling self, with the changeable charm that took love unawares. But, to this lover, she was a fairy princess, to be worshiped only from afar, and in silence. That was Sylvestre's programme, which would doubtless have been carried out, but for—circumstances. Circumstances have so much to answer for in this world!

The beginning of it was, that he found Mlle. Nathalie alone in the garden at dusk, stripping the late roses from the vines, to add to a heap of flowers, which gave her the appearance of a huge bouquet. She turned with a start at his step. "Ah! it is you, M. Gargaye," she said. "How I am relieved! I

thought it was Mathieu, and I trembled, as you may believe."

Mathieu was the gardener, very proud of his flowers, and very resentful of any liberties taken with them.

"Have no fear, mademoiselle," answered Sylvestre, smiling. "I will defend you if need be. But why this wholesale destruction?" he added.

"Oh, it is only that M. de Renaubert is here, and I would brighten up that great *salon* a little."

The smile disappeared suddenly from Sylvestre's face. "So it is for him that one braves Mathieu's wrath, and turns the house into a garden!"

"Yes, it is for him—that is, it is for my cousin's sake; I do not like him; I—ab," she added directly, with a laugh, "that is an imprudent speech—forget that you heard it, M. Gargaye. Aunt Mathilde does well to scold my frankness."

"I will keep your secret," he answered, gayly; the little cloud cleared away. "And it is there for your cousin's sake; that would mean—"

"Yes, they are betrothed. But I do not understand—"

She stopped short, with an appearance of confusion. Sylvestre was instantly bent on hearing the rest of that broken sentence.

"Mademoiselle was saying—" he insinuated.

"What mademoiselle should not say," replied Nathalie, with a rueful smile, going on, next moment, with that delightful inconsequence sometimes peculiar to her. "But, if they do not care so very much for each other, why should they marry?"

"Ah!" said Sylvestre, "that is what mademoiselle cannot understand—marriage without love!"

"No," said Nathalie; and then she colored, and was silent.

"Nor I," said Sylvestre; and then he, too, colored, and was silent.

It was not, perhaps, a wholly disagreeable silence, but it was an embarrassing one. Neither could think of any thing to say to end it, and it grew and grew till it seemed fairly buzzing in their ears. Nathalie at last desperately thrust her hand into the thickest rose-tangle, careless of hidden stings, if only she might break the dangerous hush shutting in their two selves. That had the desired effect, for Sylvestre impulsively stretched out his arm, too—the invalid arm—and caught her hand, but not before a malicious thorn had had its revenge on one bleeding little finger.

"But, monsieur, your arm!" cried Nathalie, turning round a scared face.

"But, mademoiselle, your finger!" exclaimed Sylvestre, holding it tight.

Nathalie stood like some naughty child, trembling at the result of its own mischief, her face reflecting the pallor of pain that had whitened his for the moment, her lips quivering, half with apprehension, half with incipient laughter at the exaggerated earnestness with which he stanch'd the tiny blood-drops, one by one, with his handkerchief. So they stood hand-in-hand, completely self-absorbed, and there is no knowing how long they might

have continued to stand so, if a step had not caused them suddenly to spring apart, like the guilty things they were.

"It is Mathieu," murmured Nathalie, stooping for the forgotten flowers at her feet.

But it was not Mathieu; it was a tall young man, with a springy tread, and quick blue eyes that searched through the shadows as he drew near.

"Mademoiselle Nathalie, are you here?" he called out. "Ah, this is the hospitality of Chateau-Vert, to run away the instant I arrive!"

"I am not the mistress of Chateau-Vert," retorted Nathalie. "Besides, you ought not to complain, for, if I ran away, it was for your pleasure," holding up a screen of flowers between her face and him.

"Truly? and it was for my pleasure you risked hurting yourself like that?" getting possession of the blood-stained little hand and raising it to his lips.

"No," said Nathalie, snatching it away with indignant haste, "for my own."

"Sweet little sinner! are you at such a loss for a penance? Come, then, let me be father confessor; will you, eh, Nathalie, will you?" with ill-disguised eagerness under his light speech. Nathalie vouchsafed no reply, but, as she turned away, she cast an involuntary glance at Sylvestre, arching her brows and pursing her lips with a gesture not lost on the new-comer. Sylvestre might have been one of the *espayers*, for all the apparent notice the other had taken of him hitherto, but now he measured him from head to foot, with a cool, insulting scrutiny, under which Sylvestre's blood tingled, as, looking after Mlle. Mellot's betrothed, he said to himself, "That man is in love with Mlle. Nathalie!"

By a coincidence, Mlle. Mellot's betrothed was saying precisely the same things to himself about Sylvestre. He was by no means pleased. The air of distinction which Sylvestre could not put aside with his title, his good looks, and the kind of equality to which he appeared to be admitted, had not escaped the displeased observation of M. de Renaubert. "The fellow is an adventurer," he said to himself, "who has profited by his opportunity to impose on a parcel of women. But let us see a little how you come by your white hands and your grand air, eh, Monsieur the Accountant!" No idle threat, for he quietly went to work at once to find out what he could about Sylvestre and his past.

But he was working against events, and they worked faster than he. They even used him as an unconscious aid, for he was the cause of Sylvestre's finding Nathalie crying alone, in a dark corner of the linden-alley. His jealous instinct divined the root of the matter instantly. "It is M. de Renaubert?" he said, in a low, angry tone.

Nathalie's face flushed, and she dropped it in her hands to hide the flush and the tears together.

"And I can do nothing!" said Sylvestre, bitterly; and then something, that was hardly his own will, made him add, "can I do nothing?"

Nathalie looked up at him, and, without a spoken word, the answer was so complete

that Sylvestre caught her two hands in his, and said, breathlessly: "O Nathalie! will you give me the right to protect you?"

A smile brightened Nathalie's tearful eyes, and half timidly she drew a step nearer to him. So the two stood again holding each other's hands, seeing nothing in the world but each other. Only, this time, they were not themselves unseen.

M. de Renaubert, having vexed Nathalie beyond endurance, had gone away, and was now returning to beg her pardon, and, very likely, to repeat the offense. But from a distance his quick eye discerned the pair in their blissful solitude, and he stood still, holding apart the branches, and glaring at the now-fledged turtle-doves in a way which boded them no good. He had intended to hold his peace until prepared to utterly crush M. Garçay, but now he considered there was no time to be lost. On that very evening he publicly opened hostilities, availing himself of some casual mention of Sylvestre. "I wonder," he said, with a careless air, "how long M. Garçay will condescend to amuse himself here with love-making?"

"Love-making—M. Garçay?" Mlle. Mathilde could scarcely believe her ears; she demanded an instant explanation. Was it Julie? she asked. Julie was the young ladies'-maid, pretty, and rather superior for her station.

"Julie!" repeated De Renaubert with a malicious laugh, as he watched the crimson oval, which was all he could see of Nathalie's averted face. "I fear you hardly give Monsieur the Accountant sufficient credit for good taste. Ask Mlle. Nathalie."

"Dear Aunt Mathilde," Nathalie tremulously answered the bewildered face turned on her, "indeed, I meant to tell you at once—I—he—we are—betrothed—"

Mlle. Mathilde's wrath is indescribable. She rose from her seat seeming fairly to dilate before Nathalie's fearful eyes. "M. Garçay has presumed—" she said; "M. Garçay will leave Chateau-Vert this very night."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Mathilde, for reminding you that M. Garçay is my guest, and so long as he chooses to remain at Chateau-Vert, I shall certainly not turn him out," interposed Josephine, with the calm, unanswerable air which she could assume at times. Nathalie thanked her cousin with a mute hand-pressure. M. de Renaubert bit his lips and drummed impatiently on the pane. As for Mlle. Mathilde, she was as vexed as he, but she knew of old there was no use disputing Josephine when she took that tone, so she turned the attack on defenseless Nathalie.

"And you, you, Nathalie de Montepin, could so far forget yourself as to listen to the addresses of a steward!"

"He is not a steward," indignantly interrupted Nathalie.

"True," insinuated De Renaubert, "he is only the steward's assistant!"

Josephine raised her eyes, and fixed them on her lover as if to ask what was his interest in the matter. And M. de Renaubert, who, to tell the truth, was never quite at ease with his betrothed, was abruptly silenced. Not so Aunt Mathilde.

"*Nobless oblige*, Nathalie—that one of our family should need to be told that! Am I to see another De Montepin regardless of what is due to her blood?"—a side-thrust in revenge at Josephine. "I, who have chosen to remain a De Montepin rather than accept any less ancient name! If you had any pride, any self-respect, any *conscience*, you would have profited by the example."

Nathalie's eyes mutely disavowed her capacity for heroism of the sort.

"And really, with your beauty and birth, your chances are not so desperate that you should throw yourself at the head of the first man that asks you," concluded Mlle. Mathilde, sharply.

Nathalie, blushing but firm, declared that she wanted no better "chance," and that she meant to abide by this one.

"Then Providence may provide for you, for I shall not," cried Mlle. Mathilde, in a fume. "Not a sou of mine shall ever help you lower yourself to a plebeian like that."

"Being a plebeian myself," remarked Josephine, coolly, "I have no such scruples, and Nathalie can rest assured of her future with M. Garçay, or M. Anybody-else whom she takes a fancy to."

"I wonder, Josephine, you can encourage her in her folly," began Aunt Mathilde, reproachfully, "when you know that if any thing were to happen to you—"

"O Aunt Mathilde, how can you?" cried Nathalie, as Josephine closed her eyes and drooped gracefully back on her couch, "you will bring on her palpitations."

There was nothing to be said after that. Her palpitations, even more than her heiresship, were the secret of the despotic sway which Josephine exercised over the whole household of Chateau-Vert. One was tempted sometimes to doubt if they were not conveniently exaggerated; but, exaggerated or not, they were unfailing. Aunt Mathilde was silent perchance.

De Renaubert had promised himself to unmask "Monsieur the Accountant," as he contemptuously called him, but whether the information he sought was incomplete, or was too complete, for some reason he held his peace, even when, a little later, he saw himself obliged to go away from Chateau-Vert and leave the field in possession of his victorious rival. For De Renaubert did not attempt to disguise from himself that, though his word was given to Josephine, it was Nathalie who had his heart. Nevertheless, he was too wise in his generation to risk material good for mere sentiment by letting any one else suspect that fact. Like Sylvestre, he meant to be very prudent, and again, like Sylvestre, he was overcome by—circumstances. The day of his departure, finding Nathalie alone, he forgot himself, and spoke more plainly than he had ever before ventured to do—so plainly, indeed, that Nathalie reproached him with treachery toward her cousin.

"Bah!" said he, "who marries for love nowadays? It is a match made between her estate and mine; I accept the bargain, but it is you I love, sweetest Nathalie!"

"Stand aside!" cried Nathalie, with flam-

ing eyes. "Release me, or I call my cousin and let her know—"

"It is unnecessary."

Both started in the direction of the hard, emotionless voice, and saw Josephine standing on the threshold. Nathalie ran to her, but she waved her aside without a glance, her pale, set face never turning from De Renaubert. He was not easily disconcerted, but he was conscious now of making but a poor figure between the two girls; he stood with eyes dropped, like a culprit waiting for his sentence, during a moment of painful silence, when Josephine, still with the same unnatural composure, addressed him:

"Pardon me, M. le Comte, if I reply to words not intended for my hearing, but your condescension in accepting me and my estate calls for my humblest—"

She stopped suddenly, her fixed eyes beginning to rove wildly; she pressed one hand on her bosom, while the other stretched out gropingly.

"Nathalie! Nathalie!" she gasped, and, as Nathalie clasped her arms round her, she fell into them a dead weight.

Nathalie's scream brought Sylvestre from the court and Mlle. Mathilde from her boudoir.

"Great Heaven!" cried the latter, transfixed at the scene before her, "what is it? What has happened?"

"It is he!" sobbed Nathalie, pointing to De Renaubert, "he has killed her!"

De Renaubert had stood dumb and disconcerted, but, as he met Sylvestre's look, hatred restored his *sang-froid*.

"Eh, M. de Gargaye, you get back Château-Vert at an easy price! You play too strong a game for me, monsieur," he said, and, turning on his heel, left them without another word.

But Josephine lay without movement or breath, deaf and blind to who came or went. Alas! the palpitations were no matter now for doubt; the shock had been too great, and the suddenly-burdened heart would never take up its load again.

It was long before they would believe this, but at last there was no more room for even love to hope; and while Eugène de Renaubert was hurrying farther and farther from the home he had plunged into mourning, the bitterness at least of disappointment in his breast, his betrothed was lying cold and quiet amid that irony of wealth of which she had been mistress and victim, poor young thing, that would never be cheated into any marriage bargain now.

But what had they meant, those words of De Renaubert's, cast at Sylvestre for a parting sting to poison the fortune that they could not hinder? Briefly this: The testament of the late M. Mellot provided that, in case of his daughter dying unmarried, her heritage should pass to her cousin Nathalie. M. Mellot could not find it in his heart to divide his property, but he had taken this way of expressing his gratitude toward the Baron de Montepin, who, unlike Mlle. Mathilde, had even favored the marriage of his sister Aglaïe, and had treated his plebeian brother-in-law with the utmost kindness and courtesy.

So now Nathalie was actually the pos-

sessor of Château-Vert and its revenues; and so Sylvestre had all unconsciously made his fortune, and, thanks to his betrothed, could once more call himself De Gargaye of Château-Vert.

This revelation was as unwelcome as unexpected to our fanciful hero. He who had resolved not to marry money, now beheld himself affianced, not only to an heiress, but to the heiress of his former birthright. What would not the world say? He wavered between love and pride, but with a sore heart decided that honor demanded the return of a promise given under such different circumstances.

Nathalie, however, refused to listen to any thing of the kind. A thousand times sooner, she declared, would she resign her claim to an inheritance that threatened to deprive her of all she loved; first of her Josephine, her dear adopted sister, and now of him, the only consolation left her in the world.

What answer could Sylvestre find to such words? and yet more to the tearful eyes and quivering lips that pleaded with them? There was nothing left him but to take counsel of common-sense, to follow the path indicated by duty and inclination alike, and let the world's tongue talk itself tired. Had he had a little more experience, he would have been easy enough on that score. The world merely exclaimed, "What a lucky young man!" and then forgot all about him. Not so, however, the little world of his relatives. They had closed eyes and ears to M. Gargaye, subordinate in a house of business, but they recovered their senses perfectly when it became a question of the Comte de Gargaye, possessor of Château-Vert restored to its pristine glory, and condescended even to ignore the fact that it was plebeian money which had been the motive power of all.

As for Mlle. Mathilde, the magic title worked an equal charm on her. There was no more thought of banishing M. de Gargaye in disgrace, nor even of refusing his alliance; for though, undoubtedly, it was a sacrifice for Nathalie in point of fortune, still the De Gargayes were among the oldest families of the realm, and, as Mlle. Mathilde plaintively remarked, in this world one cannot have everything.

M. Rauze committed the unparalleled, and, in his clerks' eyes, wellnigh ominous act of taking a three-days' vacation in order to be present at Sylvestre's wedding. His felicitations on the occasion were oddly mingled with regrets that commerce in general, and himself particularly, should have lost so zealous a servant, and that such an admirable beginning should be thrown away.

But that is his mistake, that final inference. Those years of labor and self-denial, wasted on the purpose for which they were endured, have been an invaluable training for Sylvestre's whole future life, counteracting any possible hereditary tendencies; and there is little danger that the future heir of Château-Vert will be forced to do as his father did, and lay aside place and title to win his own fortune and redeem a squandered birthright.

KATE PUTNAM OSOON.

ABOUT OUR TRIP TO COLORADO.

II.

"IT seems to me," I remarked, meditative-ly, before Charlotte resumed the narrative, "that one's imagination is continually struggling with the facts of a great mountain. At one hour, and under certain conditions of atmosphere, a mountain may be really grand and inspiring; and yet, at other times, exhibit most discouraging commonplace. On these occasions our conscience troubles us. If we were not impressed with a sort of duty that we ought to admire a scene because, at some time or other, it has really looked well, or because certain enthusiasts have proclaimed that we must admire it, there would be no difficulty in the matter. But conscience always ends by disarming our judgment. Having pricked us well with what we ought to do we seize upon the slightest excuse for doing it. We are, at these times, on the hunt for sublimity. We search eagerly for the grand. We exalt every hill to the skies. We teach ourselves to believe that every cliff and every rock is eminently picturesque."

"All this means, I suppose," exclaimed my companion, who had listened to my first sentences musingly, but was now thoroughly aroused, "that you were disappointed in the Rocky Mountains."

"I was not disappointed, because I had permitted myself to indulge in no expectations. I am simply asserting that a mountain—like any other bit of fine scenery, no doubt—imposes tasks upon the imagination that are sometimes irksome. One's sensations, to be truly enjoyable, must be spontaneous. The attitude of admiration is detestable. The beauty that I discover fills me with delight; but the beauty that I am directed to admire may win a few conventional phrases of appreciation, but never really enters my heart."

"You cannot disguise your feelings from me—you are simply saying that the Rocky Mountains did not satisfy you."

"In certain aspects they most decidedly did satisfy and delight me. You have already described our sensations at the first sight of the mountains, with the rising sun burnishing their high tops; and I think, with you, that few pictures could be more beautiful. But what view thereafter equalled this?"

"The cañons. Did they not tell us that the ride through Clear-Creek Cañon is the most striking railroad journey in the country, and didn't you agree with them?"

"So far as my knowledge went, I agreed with them. But I was speaking of views of the mountains—not of rugged pathways through them. The Rocky Mountains are much higher than any on the Atlantic slope; but they need distance to see them. When you draw near, the general view is not specially interesting. The hills that group all about the high peaks are thinly wooded, their contour is rugged and bald, their whole aspect empty and repelling. The green hills of the east, on the contrary, are coy; they are full of a hundred subtle and varying beauties;

they show their tops through fringes of forest; their ravines and gorges are filled with trees and shrubs; their rocks are enameled with many-colored mosses. The cañons of the West are bolder; but I can recall cañons in the East—the word cañon is Western, but our clover and glens are the same thing—that I would not exchange on the score of beauty for any thing the West can show us. But let us take up our journey as we pursued it.

"I don't know that I can," Charlotte exclaims, ruefully. "Why did you throw this damper upon me? For my part, I think it is true philosophy to enjoy what is before us, and not to unsettle all our delights by unhandsome comparisons. And, if you must have comparisons—think of your White Mountains, the highest peak of which reaches only six thousand feet, while Mount Lincoln is over seventeen thousand feet! Why, the most ridiculous little hills in Colorado are as high as the highest of any of the mountains in the Eastern States!"

"Your figures are certainly correct. But we are at Denver. What do you think of this city of the Plains?"

"It is destined to have a noble future. I prophecy this with confidence. I am told that no interior town, a town without a seaport, can ever attain great things—perhaps not the greatest; but Denver, I am sure, is going to be the brilliant capital of a grand central empire. Already it is a bright little city. I can hardly describe my surprise at the handsome shops, the big hotels, the thronged streets, the signs of culture and civilization."

"There are evidences of newness," I interposed, "in all these Western places; but the telegraph and the railroad keep up so steady and assured a communication with the old cities, that pretty nearly all that the latter enjoy is transplanted to the vigorous soil of the new settlement."

"We anticipated a little, in the first paper, about the hotel at the springs seventy miles south from Denver—an absolutely fashionable watering-place, in a spot that a very few years ago, was in possession of the Indians. Let me see! How was it we got there?"

"By rail to Colorado Springs," I said. "That's the town, you recollect, not the springs themselves. Was there ever any thing more confusing? We took rail to the town called Colorado Springs; then Concord coach, six miles to the Manitou House, situated among the springs, and close to the foot-hills at the base of Pike's Peak. Here are soda-springs, and iron-springs, and springs impregnated with sulphur. There are a whole collection of small hotels, and groups of parties camping out; you might think yourself a hundred miles from New York, or anywhere where civilization is at least a hundred years old—excepting, perhaps, for the camping-parties; these suggested a more primitive condition."

"This premature development," I remark, "is one drawback to the traveler. One comes here for the new, the wild, the unsettled; is looking for novelty, glad for a spice of danger; wants to think himself a sort of ex-

plorer. Summer watering-places are found everywhere; it is really absurd to come two thousand miles merely to get a repetition of the life afforded by every mountain-hotel in the East."

"Now," said Charlotte, triumphantly, "I am glad I have a good memory. I've heard you repeatedly say there are no resemblances—every thing in Nature, every thing in life, is a rule to itself, and has its own distinctive characteristics and law of being."

"And as repeatedly said that all things are kindred, and united under a very few general principles. It is one faculty of the mind to detect differences. It is another to detect resemblances. Hence, under one impulse of feeling, the Rocky Mountains offer innumerable things to interest the mind and excite delight; under another impulse, they seem to possess nothing more than every group of mountains exhibits. But let us consider their variations, their special aspects, and give no further heed to the philosophy of the matter."

"After all," exclaimed Charlotte, with vehemence, "the resemblance is most marked, for, amazement! here, on the fresh and virgin rock, the trail of the advertiser is seen. To come two thousand miles and find the cliffs here, just as at home, covered with the hieroglyphics of plantation bitters or the rude legends of the perfumer, is really too much. Can nothing be sacred from the paint-pots of these wretches? I have solemnly pledged myself never to purchase an article advertised by defacing our scenery, or to deal with a tradesman who dares to thrust his business-card into the august retreats of Nature."

"Ah! your resolution is honest and Quixotic, but it won't do much good. A fellow who would scar and mar a beautiful scene with his impertinent advertisements cannot be reached by your scorn or your resentment. The law must step in to deal with him, just as it deals with felons—by the strong hand. In New York we have made the thing a penal offense. All the States should do likewise, and see that the law is enforced. I hope Colorado will not be slow to follow our example, for already much mischief has been done."

"Yes, even the very cliffs of the Garden of the Gods are degraded in this way. These rascals blazon their shame everywhere. Isn't it said that they have touched the very pyramids? I declare, the vulgar, low-minded wretches ought to be extinguished in a general outbreak of public indignation. When we drove to the Garden of the Gods—as some one has named a space inclosed by some singular cliffs—my pleasure at the sight of those queer rocks was quite lost in my vexation at the sacrilegious brand upon them. But let us have your opinion about the cliffs."

"To my mind they are more phenomenal than picturesque. I have seen rocks far more impressive, far more interesting—unless, perhaps, to a geologist. They are simply horizontal strata, thrown by some convulsion into perpendicular position. They were once, doubtless, long, wall-like cliffs, a sort of natural Chinese wall; but the elements have worn them down, separated them in places into

spires and columns, so that now they resemble the remains of some grand structure; and I observe that all the immediately near hills are capped by similar strange rock-forms—laminated strata thrown into perpendicular place, with distinctly-separated layers and sharply-serrated edges."

"Well, I cannot quite fathom the distinction between the picturesque and the phenomenal. But I thought they seemed very grand in proportion, and marvelously beautiful in color. Did you ever see stone of so brilliant a red? Now, tell me whether that tall, Bunker-Hill-like column near the entrance of Glen Eyrie was phenomenal or picturesque. Pshaw! what is the use of your nice distinctions? The rocks are splendid—that is all there is about them. Such strange forms! such brilliancy of color! and continually you find such odd resemblances in all the rocks here! Now it is a tall, straight column, like a monument; now a towering wall, inclosing some imaginary garden of the Hesperides; now an isolated pile, like a great cathedral; now, on the edge of a cliff, a facade of a temple; now pinnacles, and minarets, and castles, and architectural piles as gloomy and sombre as the temples of Egypt."

"All that you say is true. But the rocks everywhere in the great West are most strange and fantastic in form, and the reason is simple enough—their soft and friable composition yields to every force; and, year after year, the wind and the rain, frost and heat, unite in sculpturing them into endlessly-varying forms. And it is odd the passion people feel for queer rock-shapes. I observe always that a rocky pile full of rugged grandeur makes far less impression than oddity or whimsicality of form. It is only necessary for people to imagine a rock to resemble some person or object—a face or an animal—for it to fill them with delight. I confess, for myself, some little disdain for mere caprice and oddity in Nature; unless there is a beauty that enters the heart, I am profoundly indifferent to the aspects a scene may possess."

"Now, when you say it, I think so too. No doubt we should cherish principally that which charms the imagination, not that which tickles the fancy. Yet, possibly, with all the childish taste which is amused with oddities in Nature, there may be something higher."

"Possibly. The record every rock exhibits of the forces that for ages have been performing their untiring task, is exciting to the imagination; it fills us with wonder; it strains the power of apprehension; it builds up a sublime picture of persistent, ceaseless, unending labor; it tells how visible strength yields continually to subtle and invisible forces; it teaches us how sublime are the products of time and patience."

"But don't all rocks show us this much?"
"They don't bring it home to every one so forcibly!"

"Then we must revise our judgment of the rocks in Monument Park, which we were first inclined to laugh at as only so many big toys. At least, a person of intelligence would not be seen simply staring at them. But we may as well stop philosophizing, and proceed to describe them."

"Well!"

"If one should imagine a great number of gigantic sugar-loaves, quite irregular in shape, but all showing the tapering form, varying in height from six feet to nearly fifty, with each loaf capped by a dark, flat stone, not unlike in shape to a college-student's hat, he would have a very clear idea of the columns in Monument Park. They are for the most part ranged along the low hills on each side of the park, which is probably a mile wide, but here and there one stands out in the open plain. You recollect one or two knolls, a little apart from the hills, on which were grouped numbers of these columns, producing the exact effect of cemeteries with their white marble columns. The stone is very light in color, but the material is almost too soft to be called stone."

"Almost! It is a very loose conglomerate, an irregular mixture, say the guide-books, of pigments of all the hypogene rocks of the range, including quartz, pebbles, pure crystals of silex, various crystallized sandstones, gneiss, hornblende, and feldspar, nodular iron-stones, rude agates, and gun-flint, the whole loosely cemented in a mixture of clay and lime."

"A very pretty *olla podrida*, indeed! I wonder how long I can remember the ingredients of the mixture?"

"You will recollect you were at the beginning very urgent about order. Now, let me see if I can relate the order of our sightseeing. From Denver, by the Denver and Rio Grande Railway—one of the new narrow-gauge style—seventy miles southward to Colorado Springs; then Concord stage to the Manitou House close under Pike's Peak; then a whole day in a carriage which took us to the Garden of the Gods, already described, then a little distance to Glen Eyrie, where General Palmer, president of the railroad, has a charming mountain-villa; then a ramble up Glen Eyrie, a mountain-stream through a very picturesque wooded gorge; then a further drive to Monument Park; then the drive back, which brought us to dinner, and the end of the day's excursion."

"Related with the precision of a clerk."

"Not with so much precision, after all. For after dinner we were again off, this time on foot, following the pretty little stream called The Fountain, far up a wild gorge to where its source is among the hills. And here ended our wanderings in this region. We neglected Cheyenne Cañon, because, after all, these cañons are pretty much alike, and a greater one was in store for us. Pike's Peak looked down benignantly upon us all the day: sometimes he disappeared from sight, but commonly his high, white-marked summit was in sight, tempting us to essay a clamber to the rocky eyrie. But near as he seemed—from the hotel piazza he appeared to come up just above the neighboring hills within a few hours' reach—it would have required two full days to have accomplished the task, and hence we forbore it."

"And so back to Denver again?"

"Yes," Charlotte replies, ruefully; "all pleasant things must be abandoned. Not that I dislike returning to Denver; it is really a pleasant town, with the plains extending all about it, and the mountains

looming up in that grand picture to the west. Denver has a certain relish—or a compound of relishes, like the famous chow-chow; the picturesque wagon, the Chinese, the handsome shops, the shanties, the bearded miners, the market-day bustle—it would have borne a little more study than we gave it. But we were in arms for Clear-Creek Cañon, which from the tablets of my memory has almost erased all other mountain records."

"Let me advise you to hang your mountain memory-pictures in galleries, not to pile one upon another. The Clear-Creek Cañon was and is grand; but I have other mountain affections."

"In your case it is always 'the other dear charmer' that fascinates you. But really, was not the view up the cañon absolutely magnificent? Let me see. First, we rode seventeen miles to Golden City—delicious name! The place is not a whit more prosperous or auriferous than other cities; but how could one's imagination keep from depicting streets glittering with the more than precious metal? At Golden City we transfer to another of those narrow-gauge roads, and we are scarcely more than out of the town ere we enter the gorge. Ah, now comes the poverty of words! I am tired of the over-used adjectives, yet I need them all to describe the scene we are now hurrying through. I wish words had color as well as sound. We hear of word-painting—the process is elaborate, and often tedious; I want a single term that will fix a picture upon every reader's imagination, vital in color, vivid in effect. But I have none; and I despair of my theme."

"Of all roads," I remark, quite as much with the desire to give my companion breath as any thing, "this would be the one for observation-cars."

"They are to have them. The superintendent especially promised us this much—cars of glass to the roof. It seems that in the steep grade of this road the locomotive consumes its fuel, which is wood, so rapidly in the struggle of the task that it vomits forth volumes of cinders, rendering an open car almost intolerable. Nevertheless, we had an open car. Fortunately, there was a platform freight-car attached to the train; upon this we gathered, distributing ourselves upon bags and other articles, and watching the ceaselessly-changing picture. We were nearly blinded. The cinders fell around us in showers. We sometimes could only see by forcibly holding an eye open. But any thing rather than the shut-up car, with feeble glimpses of those wonderful mountain-walls. Half-way on the journey, chairs were obtained at a station, and these, placed on the rear-platform, gave us a more protected situation.

"I called these cliffs, mountain-walls—that term may mislead. Many of the cañon cliffs in the West have that character, but the sides of the Clear-Creek gorge are irregular, jutting up at times into pointed steeples and high boulder-like masses piled one upon another; now with Titanic rocks hanging over the road-way; now with sloping lines; now with tremendous columnar walls; never for a hundred feet of the same character. Again I have forgotten my figures—how high are they?"

"I could learn nothing certain about the altitude, hence a tolerably large margin must be allowed for individual guess-work. Some said a thousand feet, others two thousand. It is difficult to believe that any of the rocks reach the latter altitude, but in the Colorado atmosphere height and distance are very deceptive. You recollect how we watched Pike's Peak from the Manitou House, and were ready to believe that a few hours' brisk walking would carry us to the top. And yet it was fully eight thousand feet from our point of observation. Taking this as a basis of comparison, two thousand feet would not seem too much for many of the cliffs at Clear Creek. But we must not forget that here the rocks were directly or nearly in a straight line above us, a condition that gives immense effect to any tall object."

"Not always directly above us. Many of the higher points would loom up over others. We were continually noting some tremendous hill beyond us, which a curve in the track would in a few moments bring just above us. Half the charm of this Clear-Creek Cañon is the rapidity and the suddenness of new features. Is there anywhere a more winding road?"

"Probably not. At least I was assured by an officer of the road that the usual length of car and reach of train could not be carried around the sharp curves of this road. You can very rarely see fifty feet ahead of the train. Watching its course from a forward position, the locomotive seems to be continually disappearing around abutments of rock. As you rightly say, the windings of the road give a ceaseless change to the picture."

"Why, I could scarcely exclaim 'Look!' before another scene was upon me. I was fairly stunned and bewildered with the rapid succession of marvels. It was really too much of a strain. My senses ached with the confusion of forms—the tremendous over-topping pile, in one breath; the sky-touching pinnacle in the next; the appalling cliff above a cliff that followed. Moving swiftly through a cañon like this, the peaks and hills seem to be jostling each other—they crowd forward upon the imagination with tumultuous confusion, like an army of Titans in disorderly assault. One wants a chance to breathe and rest, and let the scene fairly take possession of the senses."

The recollection of the place seemed to have almost as much effect upon Charlotte as the reality, for she flung herself back in her chair as if fatigued by the pressure of her mental retrospect.

"I think we have not mentioned," I remark, taking up her narrative in order to give her rest, "that one charm or wonder—whichever it is—of the cañon is its marked narrowness. It is this feature that distinguishes it from the cañons on the Pacific road. Between the rugged walls of rock there is a little, turbulent forest-stream, commonly not more, perhaps, than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and the narrow ledge on which the railroad-track is laid. Of course the width varies. Sometimes the rocks close in to a very gate-way; at a little distance one can see no aperture, until suddenly the train turns a point of rock and slips through a gorge so

narrow that light only dimly and imperfectly penetrates it. The creek—”

“There comes in a regret,” exclaimed Charlotte, rousing up, “for Clear Creek is not clear. It was so once—now it is defiled by the miners’ washings far up toward its source. It is a pity. The stream is very striking, as it comes tumbling over rocks, rushing and roaring on; but one wishes, in order that the picture might be aesthetically perfect, that the waters were what the name leads us to expect—of mountain purity and clearness. The miners, I suppose, will always use it, and so hereafter it must flow through this lovely cañon yellow and stained with the signs and marks of labor.”

“You say *lovely* cañon,” I interrupt, critically. “If there is one adjective that does not apply to the cañon it is ‘*lovely*.’”

“I am glad,” exclaims Charlotte, resolutely, “that you have found something to criticize. I knew you couldn’t be happy without this exercise of your manly privilege.”

“But, nevertheless, Clear-Creek Cañon is not lovely. What I, for one, specially miss, is the charm of tree and forest. I can take you to cañons in the East where the cliffs, really grand cliffs, too, lift above superb forest-growth—where the eye is fascinated and the heart charmed with delicious depths of green. But here it is all rock, rock, rock. A tree now and then has foothold; on some of the sloping hills there are scattered growths; but, as a whole, what appalling barrenness! what terrible ruggedness! What a fierce and implacable sentiment the cliffs seem to utter! what a dismal and deadly temper seems to pervade the whole cañon!”

“Now, I call that fanciful.”

“And I call it analysis.”

“If I could get the voice of your readers, the majority would be on my side.”

“I should hope for the suffrage of the judicious few. It assuredly is all wrong to call harsh and rugged scenes lovely.”

“But, when the moon came up, was it not lovely then? For two hours, you know, we still went on through that strange pathway. The sun went down. The scene was dreadful then, I must admit. But the moon was in the sky, and presently its beautiful light began to bathe all the hill-tops, and sparkle in the stream. It was just in the right spot, moreover; an artist could not have selected a better height in the sky, or a more suitable place in regard to the cañon. From our seats on the rear platform, the picture was grand, magnificent, *delicious*—will that word suit you?”

The moon certainly subdued the harsher features of the cañon. It gave a tender light to all the peaks and rocks that lifted up to its rays, but plunged the gorge itself in the deepest gloom.”

“It was to me very fascinating—*weird* and yet beautiful, wild yet soft; and really—and I must say it—full of loveliness. And it was all too brief. In a little while the whistle of the locomotive warned us that we were nearing our destination; and presently, in a strange place, crowded in on all sides among mountains, with dark-looking buildings grouped about, with the roar of waters and the rumble of vehicles in our ear, we found ourselves at our destination.”

“Near our destination, rather. The rail-road terminus is at Black Hawk. Our objective point was Central City—only a mile and half distant, however.”

“Black Hawk or Central City, to me it was all a matter of wonder and astonishment. We had been traveling four hours, right up into the heart of the mountains, a steep grade all the way, that seemed to be bringing us to the very summits of the mountains, when, all of a sudden, we found ourselves in the midst of what looked, in the obscurity of the night, like an old, long-settled town, with ancient-looking buildings, large, brilliant shops, extensive factories—no wonder you exclaimed, ‘In what queer corner of the globe have we got to now?’”

“I must say I was unprepared for our Central-City experience. Who, not previously instructed, could expect to find, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, a large town, having every characteristic of a long-settled Eastern city—large and gay shops, a well-kept hotel (I have met with worse in many really pretentious Eastern places), and pretty little rural cottages? Here were conditions a little different from that lawless community so identified in our minds with a far-western mining town.”

“I certainly think,” resumed Charlotte, “that the mile and a half from the station to the hotel was full of more surprises than any thing else in my traveling experience. It was along a very steep, narrow, and winding street, as seen imperfectly in the darkness and through an omnibus-window apparently one continuous village, shut in by high hills on either side, with their ascent partly built upon. The streets were lighted by shapes of every variety and degree. That we should find, in the very heart of those wild hills, a town of such dimensions, so eminently quaint and picturesque in its conditions, was a matter of immense surprise. I am not yet out of my wonder. The hotel, the reader thinks, was, of course, some rude road-side tavern, whitened without, after the manner of all sepulchres of the kind, but rank within in all forms of slovenly neglect. This natural supposition is quite wrong. Half-way up the Rocky Mountains, you are taken to a hotel that supplies almost all your most fastidious demands—unless you insist upon a French cook.”

I warn my companion that her impressions are comparative; dreading, in this far-away place, every thing that is rude and offensive, it was a matter of surprised delight to find how liberally civilization had prepared the way for us. And, of course, our expectations arose from our ignorance. The mining settlements of Colorado have now been established sufficiently long to settle down into regular business, and to gather around them all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life. Central City is one of the most thriving of these places. It is built within inclosing hills, the sides of which are pierced everywhere for the precious gold-bearing quartz. There are smelting-works and assaying-offices, and all the paraphernalia of the business, and mines of an extent unequalled in the country. One shaft is six hundred feet in perpendicular descent, and then extends horizontally fourteen hundred feet. People who

go to Colorado should take the wildly-picturesque ride up Clear-Creek Cañon, and visit this quaint and exceedingly interesting place.

From Central City there are Concord coaches, six miles, to Idaho Springs—the present terminus of the Georgetown division of the cañon-road, which branches from the main line six or eight miles below Black Hawk. At Idaho, coaches run to Georgetown, another mining town, nineteen miles distant, a place of departure for all who may wish to ascend Gray’s Peak. By another summer, the railroad will probably be laid all the way to this place. The stage-ride from Central City to Idaho was—

“Superb,” breaks in my companion—“a long, long climb upward, with continually varying glimpses of the higher peaks, including views of the Snowy Range, the white-dotted tops of which came and went as the scene changed.”

“The usual experience! This season the report is of less snow than usual.”

“And of more rain. ‘Colorado is getting demoralized,’ some one at Colorado Springs said in my hearing, speaking of the greater frequency of rain. Isn’t it said that cultivation of the soil brings rain?”

“No doubt, as the country gets more settled and cultivated, a change will come over the spirit of the scene, and Aquarius assert his sway here as he does elsewhere. It has really rained on the mountains every day we’ve been here, and, just before our arrival, there was heavy rain in the valleys. During the summer months, showers on the higher peaks are not uncommon. Why there should be lack of rain in Colorado is a puzzle, inasmuch as all the conditions for humidity would seem to be supplied. We have a vast, heated plain, with dry, warm winds blowing therefrom, which, according to rule, ought to condense into rain as they reach the cooler heights of the mountains. I am unable to explain why it is not so.”

“The notion of living in a country where it does not rain,” said my companion, “seems to me very fascinating, and there is something so interesting in those irrigating canals. They form a new and picturesque feature. With us, rain, of course, is necessary, but what a woful damper it continually is upon everybody’s plans and pleasures. To have the crops flourishing, and the sky always clear, is a very fascinating idea to me. In what part of the country where there is rain, moreover, has anybody thought of bringing mountain-currents through the streets of the villages, as they do here?”

“Shall we resume our journey?”

“We were climbing in a Concord coach over the rough hills toward Idaho; presently we begin to descend through Virginia Cañon, not a wild but a charming mountain-ravine, the slopes of which are better wooded than usual. Idaho Springs is a pretty little watering-place village, with several neat-looking hotels, the resources of which we had no opportunity to test. By the time we had reached Idaho Springs all surprise at the advanced civilization of these parts had ceased; it was a matter of no wonder now to find this charming little town nestling among the hills with an air of as serene respectability as if it had

endured for generations. It looked like a charming place for invalids—so quiet, so neat, the air so sweet, the hills so fine—and then there are the springs, hot and cold, for drinking and bathing. The springs are soda, are they not?"

"Soda is the principal property."

"We are now once more in Clear-Creek Cañon, for the first few miles along a branch of the main cañon, which some think is the more picturesque; then upon the road by which we reached Central City; and in a few hours are out upon the Plains toward Denver."

"Clear-Creek Cañon!" exclaims Charlotte, with warm effusion, "I shall never rest until I see that the painters have painted and the poets described it."

"Did you not, by-the-way, hear that 'Porte Crayon' and a company of artists had visited the cañon last summer, and that Porte Crayon, who has explored so thoroughly the grand mountain-regions of North Carolina and Virginia, is reported to have declared this cañon to excel every thing he has seen in the way of mountain-scenery?"

"No, I did not hear it. Can this be true? Who is a better judge than Porte Crayon?"

"No one, if it were purely a matter for judicial decision. But appreciation of scenery is governed by temperament and tastes. Some are affected by the rugged only, others find more delight in the harmonious and finished. I must take you some time to the Catskill Clove, or to the Notch at Mount Mansfield, or to Ausable Chasm in the Adirondacks. Unfortunately, I have no personal experience of the White Mountains by which to make a comparison, but—"

"Still harping on the cañons of the East. I will go with you to the Catskill Clove, to Mansfield Notch, to Ausable Chasm, and you shall also see the White Mountains and the Saguenay, to make the circle complete; but, for the present, no more comparisons."

"I certainly hope, those," Charlotte here broke out with sudden irritation, "who imitate us and go to Colorado, will not imitate us and come away with half the places unseen."

"It would take a whole season to explore these mountains and visit all the notable spots."

"There is Boulder Cañon," Charlotte continued, without noticing my remark, "some twenty miles north of Clear-Creek Cañon. From the description, everybody ought to go there, but no accommodating train disturbs its wonders or gives the traveler facilities for reaching them."

"Shall we catalogue all the cañons, and passes, and rocks, and hills, we did not see? The list would be a very long one. Every rock differs from another rock, and every cañon from another cañon, but rocks and cañons have, nevertheless, striking family resemblances. We should have only repeated Clear Creek at Boulder, with variations—the variations were worthy our study and appreciation, but all things cannot be compassed within the limits of one brief vacation. We traveled swiftly, but brought away, I think, a few distinct impressions of—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," is the vivacious

interruption; "the Rocky Mountains will always live in my memory sharp and clear as distinct verities. I shall always see their sweeping lines, recall their towering peaks, remember their strange rock-forms, their magnificent cañons, and their queer mining towns."

"And now homeward."

"Well, it is once more the long ride over the Plains. It was pity to leave at night. It would have been so delightful to watch the mountains fade away into the distance as the train swiftly carries us eastward!"

"It was unavoidable—no trains leave except at night."

"I should have liked a companion-picture to the sunrise view from the Plains. However, when we wakened next morning, there were no mountains, nothing but a strange sea of space. We long again for a sight of buffaloes, but there are none. A few antelopes show themselves occasionally, and the prairie-dog towns are where we left them. By-the-way, what is the story about owls and rattlesnakes living in the coyote-holes, all in harmony?"

"The 'harmony' is a poetical fiction, I imagine. The owls and the snakes undoubtedly hide in them for good feeding on the young prairie-dog—this animal, like all rodents, being remarkably prolific. Our friends at Victoria captured a rattlesnake in one of the coyote-holes, disembowled him, and found in his stomach a recently-swallowed young coyote. This fact establishes the purpose of his snakeship's 'harmonious' residence in the coyote abodes."

"I wish the pretty fellows could drive out the intruders. But how swift is the changing panorama now! The towns begin to multiply; the farms increase; the buffalo-grass disappears; next day Kansas is passed, and Missouri glides away westward; St. Louis is reached; we have a flying visit to Chicago; once more the Alleghany hills are in sight; again we are on the Hudson—home!"

O. B. BUNCE.

THE DEAD TOWN.

IT was among the tangled ridges and ranges of the rugged mining-region of Central Nevada, and the sun was but little more than two hours high, but getting higher and hotter every minute.

Along the deep ruts of the old wagon-road, which wound through a crooked valley, there were riding two men of widely-different exterior, although they both were sufficiently noteworthy in their way. The one in front, upon whose slow movements the other was rapidly gaining, was mounted on a stout old mule, whose dull ambition he continuously assisted with hearty thwacks of what was left of the stalk and lash of worn-out "bulldog"; and a curious sort of customer was he. His dress was an odd commingling of the rags and reliques of civilized clothing with articles of Indian make, not to speak of sundry rude "improvements" that spoke probably of his own clumsy handiwork. His hat, for instance, consisted of a greasy and battered antelope-skin, stretched over an incom-

prehensible frame of willow-twigs and rusty wire, and had such a "flap-down" behind and such a "flap-up" in front as suited admirably a way the wearer had of bearing his snub nose high in air, as if he perpetually discovered something unpleasant in the surrounding atmosphere. It needed no second glance of an experienced eye to determine that that man had been a long time "in the mountains." In fact, he was just returning from a prospecting and mining tour of prolonged toil and peril, but of very satisfactory success; and there is no other time in his wild, adventurous life when your genuine miner so thoroughly appreciates his right to carry his nose as high in the air as he pleases. And yet our miner seemed to be in no particular hurry, for all his occasional applications to the tough hide of his old mule, and, least of all, did he seem disposed to avoid the man behind him.

The latter wore the uniform of a United States cavalry-officer, spick and span now, with the shoulder-straps of a captain, and a general appearance of having just been to the barber's, that was in strong contrast with the outward man of the mule-rider in front of him. He was well mounted on a sleek-skinned and perfectly-groomed fat gelding—quite too fat for use in a country like that. The captain, however, did not carry his nose in the air, but rather seemed inclined to send its long, sharp point ahead of him on a general scouting expedition of its own.

"Hullo, stranger!" shouted the man on the mule, as he turned half round in his tattered saddle; "I say, cap'n, my name's Bing. Do you know if this 'ere's the right road to Crooked Pine?"

"Can't say, my friend," replied the captain; "never was here before, and I'm just riding on ahead of my men to see what I can find."

"Wall, then, cap'n, this 'ere is the right road to Crooked Pine, and I'm gwine right into that thar city myself, sure as my name's Bing."

"All right," growled the captain; "go in if you want to. I don't suppose any one will try to stop you."

"Won't they, though?" returned the man on the mule. "Wall, I reckon you never was into Crooked Pine in yer life, and I'm just gwine right in thar, I am. Mebbe it ain't a bad place for you, with yer army-blue on and yer cavalry fellers comin' close on behind ye. I ain't got no cavalry but this yer consarned old mule."

"Why," inquired the captain, aiming his long nose at the man on the mule, "is Crooked Pine such a dangerous place to get into?"

"You bet!" exclaimed Bing. "Why, cap'n, it's just the deadliest town you ever hear tell on. It growed powerful fast, it did. Thar was only a coyote-hole thar at first, an' the city sort o' growed up around that—a little the quickest you ever seen. Allers full of human coyotes, too, arter they'd skeered off the four-footed ones. I've been thar more's once, and now I'm gwine agin. I'm gwine right into that thar town."

"But what do you want to go there for if it's such a dangerous sort of place?" asked the captain.

"Wall, you see, cap'n," said Bing, with a species of snort, "that's just whar the rub comes. You see, Crooked Pine's just the deadeast sort of town, and it's the on'y place whar the boys ever made out to git a white skeer onto old Bing. They just did that more'n a year ago. They gobbled my pile fast, and then they run me clean out of Crooked Pine, and thus I took to the mountings, and I've been thar pretty much ever since. I've had the tallest kind of good luck, but I sha'n't be comfortable in my mind till I've been back to Crooked Pine. I'm gwine to ride this 'ere old mule right into that thar town, I am, sure as my name's Bing, and we're s'most thar, now."

The captain's curiosity was evidently somewhat excited by what he had heard, and his long nose was now aimed pointedly up the valley, which was widening out upon a sort of plateau of no very wonderful extent, and there were certainly evidences of some sort of settlement. The land around, here and there, looked even as if at some time or other an effort had been made to put it under fence and cultivation.

"Is that the city of Crooked Pine?" asked the captain of the mule-rider.

"No, sir-ree," replied Bing; "we ain't into Crooked Pine. Not yet we ain't; but I'm gwine to ride right in thar on this 'ere old mule. This 'ere place is on'y the graveyard, and, I tell you, they need one, for it's just the deadeast town you ever seen."

"Isn't it a healthy place?" asked the captain, with an uneasy twitch of the point of his nose.

"Healthy?" exclaimed Bing. "Did you ever hear of an unhealthy place among these mountings? Crooked Pine's a healthy place, you bet, on'y fellers don't seem to live long thar, that's all. It's just the deadeast place you ever seen, and I tell you they scared old Bing, they did. But I'm gwine to ride right in thar, I am."

"Thought you said this place was the graveyard," remarked the captain, veering his nose slowly around the compass.

"Wall, an' so it is," said Bing; "but over yonder's the on'y patch that 'pears to be well planted. Look at them sticks? Lots of 'em! Them with a hole bored into 'em means a revolver. Them that's notched so deep all 'round says how the feller himself got notched, over to Crooked Pine. Thar's some on 'em looks as if the boys didn't know what hurt 'em. You see, cap'n, Crooked Pine is just the deadeast town; but I'm gwine to ride right in thar onto this old mule."

And now, as they rode somewhat more rapidly forward, the captain's nose became more pointedly inquiring than ever. Houses there were, scattered here and there, with some wild sort of reference to a possible street, and some of them were even of that ambitious sort where one story tries to climb to the dignity of two. There were frame-buildings, with marvelously-sprawling signs—most of them "hotels," "halls," "shades," and miners' paradises of that sort; but some were apparently intended for legitimate business—"dry-goods emporiums," and the like, not to speak of three or four "banks," and a "Crooked-Pine branch-mint and assay-office."

"That thar's whar they used to keep the tiger," said Bing. "It was right about thar that the skeer took me. But whar on earth are all the boys gone to?"

Well he might ask, for, although the captain's nose had pointed everywhere, not the first sign of an inhabitant had as yet made its appearance.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed the captain. "Are you sure that it was such a healthy place?"

"Healthy?" said Bing. "Wall, now, you kin just bet. Anyhow, I've come and rid right straight into Crooked Pine. Hullo, if that ain't somebody stirrin'! Tell ye what, cap'n, I was beginning to git a leetle skeered agin, every thing looked so consumed lone-some."

Even as he was speaking, a battered, grizzled, unkempt, unwashed specimen of elderly humanity came limping toward them, bearing in his hand a rusty old double-barreled shot-gun.

"Look out," whispered Bing to the captain; "thar's no counting onto these yer Crooked-Pine boys. They're most likely layin' low for somethin'."

Then he added, aloud:

"I say, stranger, whar hev all the boys gone ter? What's got inter Crooked Pine?"

"Is that you, Bing?" drawled the man with the shot-gun. "Why, whar hev you been? Nothin' ain't got inter this yer place—that ain't what's the matter—but every livin' soul 'cept me has got out of it. Old Bing, I tell yer, Crooked Pine is a dead town."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Bing, with what the captain took for a groan; but the latter aimed his nose at the man with the shot-gun, and asked him:

"What did the town die of, and what made you stay here after it was dead?"

"Die of?" drawled the shot-gun man—"die of? Why, they've made another town, twenty mile away, over onto the new roleraid; and they do say it beats this yer city all holier. What made me stay? Why, stranger, I never seen a roleraid, and I don't want to; and so, when the boys begun to clar out for that thar new city, I just bought that improvements. I got some on 'em powerful cheap, I did, an' I won three hotels at one raffle, I did. Biggest 'luck' you ever seen! And I kep' on and on, buyin' and winnin', till I reckon I own the whole town, and the graveyard too. It's a fine graveyard, and it's got an awful good start; but it's just the deadeast town you ever seen. What do I stay for? Why, what should I go for? Don't I own the hull of Crooked Pine?"

"Cap'n," said Bing, mournfully, "I reckon he's tellin' the truth. I've known this yer sort of thing to happen before. Do ye know what I'm gwine to do?"

"No, I don't," said the captain.

"Wall, you kin wait for yer cavalry-men, if you want ter. I'm gwine to ride right on into that thar other town, on this old mule. I'll ride right in thar. Mebbe I kin find some of the boys, and anyhow I want to see if that thar roleraid kin put another white skeer onto old Bing. Cap'n, Crooked Pine's just the deadeast town I ever see."

"Whack" went the stub-whip on the

tough hide of the old mule, and on went Bing, as if he knew his way and disdained further information; and, while the old man with the shot-gun stood looking dreamily and wistfully after him, the captain wheeled his horse, gave him a sharp dig of the spur, and galloped briskly away down the valley, from the lower end of which there came just then the far-away, faint, ghostly notes of a cavalry-bugle. It was as if even music refused to be lively in so dead a town as Crooked Pine.*

W. O. STODDARD.

A VISIT TO DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

WE bade adieu to Newcastle on a breezy, cloudless morning, leaving behind us a wide extent of country alive with tall chimneys, pouring forth clouds of black smoke, indicative of the innumerable collieries beneath, whose mineral wealth has converted the name of Newcastle into a proverb. A half-hour's ride by railway, and the venerable town of Durham rises before us, overshadowed by its gray old castle and far-famed cathedral.

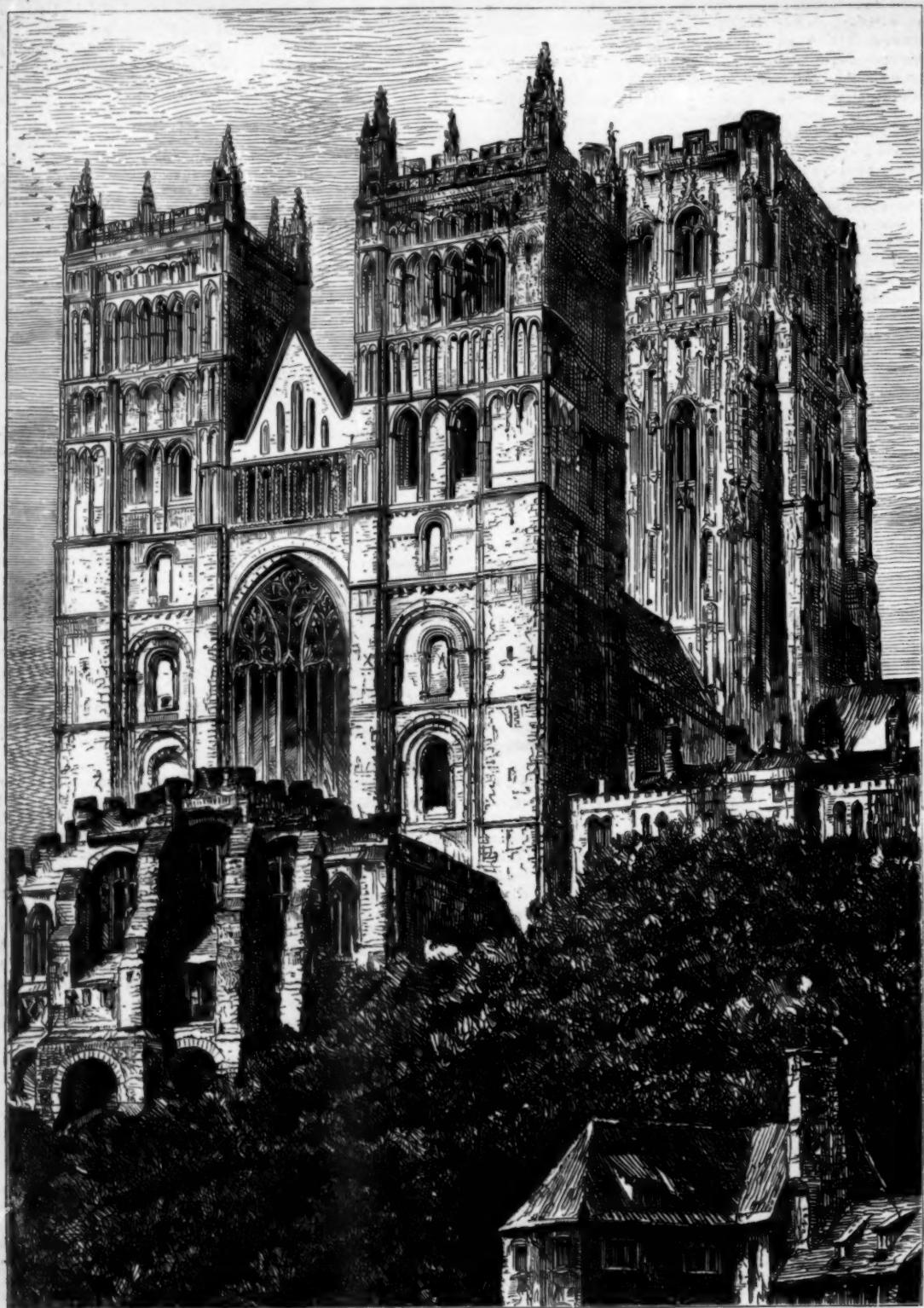
The history of this time-honored city derives its interest almost exclusively from its ecclesiastical importance, as having been for nearly eight hundred years, and until our own day, the centre of the wealthiest see in Great Britain.

In the heart of a region singularly marked by rural beauty stands this town of the olden time, hoary with age and replete with associations of by-gone days. Situated on that debatable ground, the Scottish border, it was for centuries one of the posts of rendezvous during those perpetually-recurring wars between England and Scotland which devastated the north.

The earliest recorded accounts of Durham are intimately associated with one of England's most honored saints, the holy Cuthbert, who, toward the close of the seventh century, died in the odor of sanctity at the monastery of Lindisfarne, having been for many years its prior. For wellnigh two hundred years the body of the blessed saint had reposed in its quiet seclusion, but rest was not yet attained. Tradition relates, and Sir Walter Scott has beautifully detailed in his immortal verse how, upon the frequent incursions of the Danes, the monks of Lindisfarne, compelled to forsake their priory, fled southward, bearing with them as their most valued treasure the body of their saint. But years were destined to pass before the pious monks were permitted to end their weary pilgrimage, the saint miraculously attesting his dissatisfaction with each spot provided for his sacred bones until Durham was reached. Here a church was at once erected, beneath which the remains were interred. This shortly gave place to the noble cathedral, dedicated to St. Cuthbert, which has braved the storms of eight centuries, yet remains unchanged—a

* There are scores of such "dead towns" as Crooked Pine among the Nevada ranges. Some of them were killed by the railroad, but quite as many died gently in their beds—a natural death.

W. O. S.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

noble expression of the piety of mediæval times. The peculiar conformation of the land upon which the city is built gives a marked prominence to the two objects which first enlist the stranger's attention, viz., the cathedral and the ancient Norman castle. The bright, sunny river Wear courses through the town, forming a lengthened horseshoe bend, inclosing a strip of land of unusual elevation. The wisdom and foresight everywhere perceptible in the architectural works of our Norman forefathers are here exemplified in the choice of this semi-island hill as a location for these massive structures, destined for ages to resist the destroying hand of Time. Ascending this steep and somewhat difficult eminence, we approach the venerable cathedral.

The exterior, though stately and imposing in its silent witnessing of the past, fails to excite in the mind the impression of grandeur produced by the interior view. Solidity and strength, preserving grace and beauty of form, are its dominant features, which perhaps find fuller expression here than in any other cathedral in England, although fine specimens may be seen in some parish churches.

The view from the west end of the lengthened succession of massive columns supporting the lofty roof, terminating in the more highly-ornamented choir, with its beautiful Catharine-wheel window, is indescribably fine; and, as we examine in detail the clustered piers sustaining the ponderous circular arches which are the peculiar characteristic of the Norman style, our interest and admiration increase. These arches are profusely decorated with the exquisite mouldings of various forms, which mark the later Norman period. Unlike most of the cathedrals of England, the view from the west end of the nave to the east end of the choir is unimpeded, the absence of the usual screen separating nave and choir greatly heightening the grandeur and dignity of the interior. Terminating the eastern end of the cathedral stands the chapel of the Nine Altars, which derived its name from nine altars which were anciently erected beneath the eastern windows dedicated to various saints. This chapel is separated from the choir by an elaborately-carved screen, enriched by a succession of canopied niches, which once contained one hundred and seven statues, long since destroyed. The remains of several members of the great Neville family lie buried here.

The well-known antipathy of the patron, St. Cuthbert, to women prevented the building of a lady chapel. So far was this respect to the feelings of the saint carried that no female was allowed to pass more than one-third of the distance from the western door to the choir. The visitor is still shown the boundary-line, indicated by a cross of blue marble inlaid in the pavement.

A beautiful chapel called The Galilee is singularly placed at the west end of the cathedral, excluding access by this entrance. This was originally intended for the use of females who were debarred, as we have just mentioned, from approaching any of the numerous altars at the eastern end.

The architecture of this chapel is exceedingly graceful and elegant, presenting, in its lightness, a marked contrast to the massive-

ness of the main portion of the edifice. Near the altar stands a plain tomb of blue marble, which cannot fail to inspire feelings of deep interest, for it bears the inscription:

"HAC SUNT IN FOSSA
BEDAE VENERABILIS OSSA."

It is all that remains of the once magnificent shrine of the venerable Bede.

We retrace our steps to the east end, the spot round which for centuries all interest clustered, the shrine of St. Cuthbert, the inspiring genius of this stately pile. A little effort of the imagination, and there rise before us troops of weary pilgrims, faint and footsore with lengthened journeys; the saddened, humble penitent, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the sufferer from whatever cause—all hoping, trusting, to receive the miraculous aid of the blessed saint. We gaze upon the furrows worn in the solid stone by the pilgrim knees of successive generations, and the picture becomes an intense reality. Not, however, as then, when a gorgeous shrine, blazing with gold and precious stones, dazzled the eyes of simple worshipers. Shrine, pilgrims, and costly gift, all have vanished, and the furrowed stone alone remains to mark the spot where repose the ashes of the honored saint.

In the year 1827 the tomb of St. Cuthbert was opened, and from the coffin were removed the costly and magnificent robes which had wrapped the body; the jeweled pectoral cross of Maltese form, and other relics.

The stole and maniple, richly wrought, are quite entire. These are preserved with great care in the library of the cathedral, which, from its rare and valuable collection of treasures, deserves especial notice. Here we find a manuscript, complete and perfect, from the hand of the Venerable Bede. An exquisitely illuminated copy of the Gospels of Sts. Mark, Luke, and John, penned by monkish hands twelve hundred years ago—the richly-wrought vestments which continued in daily use in the cathedral until after the commencement of the eighteenth century.

The wellnigh princely wealth and power which for centuries characterized the See of Durham, owe their existence to William the Conqueror, who conferred the see upon one of his followers, to whom he afterward presented the earldom of Northumberland, thus combining the highest privileges in church and state. A colossal statue in the cathedral perpetuates the memory of Bishop Van Mildert, who died in 1836, the last of the bishops who united princely powers with episcopal functions.

Gladly would we linger here, but other objects of interest await us before bidding farewell to Durham. As we pass out by the north door, our attention is arrested by a huge iron knocker, evidently possessing a history. We are told that over this door there was formerly a room, where unceasing watch was kept, that any criminal, debtor, or other unfortunate, who, by day or night, should seek the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert, might receive admission. Here he was provided with all things needful for comfort and protection, secured from process of law or other molestation.

Leaving the cathedral precincts, we pass

along a narrow foot-path, and from our lofty position obtain a lovely view of the silver stream, with its shelving banks below; and thus we approach the ancient castle, grim and hoary. What changes—what scenes of lawless strife—of anarchy and bloodshed, are suggested by these stern relics of a semi-barbarous age! The massive grandeur and commanding position of Durham Castle, must well have fitted it to become the scene of stormy strife, when hotly contested by Scot and Norman. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the structure is the ancient Norman crypt, which is supposed to have remained unchanged since its erection by the Conqueror.

But the grim fortress no longer echoes to the tread of warlike feet. Peaceful pursuits have succeeded, and the students of University College, which here holds sway, require no weapons but such as find place in academic contests.

"THE POMP OF EGYPT."*

I FELL ill directly I got to Cairo, and lay for two or three days on the sofa of my room, burning with desire to enter the world of enchantment outside its walls, yet not able to stir. Few northern travelers can securely visit Egypt as late as this, and they would do well to expend their first guineas upon the best advice to be had as to eating, drinking, and other matters concerning health. When we left England, little more than a fortnight ago, the weather was wintry; every one was wrapped to the chin in furs, and fires were blazing on every hearth. We were now wearing the thinnest summer clothing to be had, it was much too hot to stir out after ten o'clock in the morning, and the only way to enjoy life was to lie perfectly still, with Lane's "Modern Egyptians" in your hand, and a bottle of Nile-water within reach.

My chief amusement during those hours of imprisonment were the birds and flowers of our garden. From five to nine or ten o'clock in the morning we could have doors and windows open, and the bullfinches were so tame that they would sing on the very threshold. The singing lasted all day long. What with the palm-trees and the rose-bushes and the bulbuls, I fancied myself in some garden of Eastern story. The principal work of the house was done by handsome Nubians, dressed in bright-blue cotton garments reaching from head to foot, who, on hearing the accustomed clapping of the hands, would answer the summons with a good-natured "Eshtereed?" "What do you want?" The garden, and the birds, and the beautiful Nubians, made up a picture which every now and then the shrill voice of the hotel director, a German, would spoil. He was not at all a disagreeable person otherwise, but he had a habit of screaming out to the servants in the harshest tones of a very harsh voice, which was quite out of keeping with the scene. If I lived hundred years I could not forgive him. Many and many a time, when the dusky figure of Hamed Ali

* "Holiday Letters from Athens, Cairo, and Weimar." By M. Betham Edwards.

moved softly among the gorgeous flowers and birds, or a wandering merchant from Damascus displayed his carpets and silks under the shadow of the palm-trees, and I felt carried back to the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, that terrible voice would break in, dispelling the illusion.

At night there were no such disenchantments. Then, piercing the stillness, would ring forth the solemn voice of the muezzin from a neighboring mosque — shrill, clear, deep-toned, unspeakably thrilling: "God is great—there is only one God—prayer is better than sleep!" Like a bell, that touching cry has roused me many a time in the midnight silence, reminding me that I was among the followers of the Prophet, in what is still the land of the pilgrim, the prayerful, the austere, the resigned.

At last, my term of imprisonment came to an end, and one sultry afternoon I caught a first glimpse of "the pomp of Egypt," that I had traveled so far to see. We took a carriage; for, in spite of the attractiveness of the Cairo donkey and its romantic associations, it is much more agreeable to be lifted a little above the jostling, gayly-dressed, picturesque, often dirty crowd of the Mouski and other principal streets. What with the abundance of color, the variety of noises, the heat, the dust, and the moving masses, one is at first too bewildered to observe any thing. It is only after considerable practice that unaccustomed senses can take in all the elements of such a picture.

Driving is slow work in a narrow street without pavements, and as crowded as a London thoroughfare. Every moment our wheels put somebody's toes in jeopardy, and every moment we are in danger of getting our carriage locked; the donkey-boys shriek and brandish their sticks; the street-waterer, with his pig-skin on his back, squirts right and left, stirring not an inch for anybody; the blue-robed Fellah woman, with her baby on her shoulder, moves on stately; the pedestrians, for the most part wearing every conceivable shade of purple, crimson, green, and yellow, go on and take no heed; now some rich man's equipage is heralded by the wild, beautiful figure of his *sais*, or groom, who runs forward, waving a staff over his head, and crying, "Out of the way! out of the way!" his long white sleeves fluttering like the wings of a bird, his gold-embroidered vest flashing for a second, and then vanishing; now we are brought to a stand-still, blocked by donkeys, carriages, fruit-venders, water-venders, heavily-burdened street-porters, an English dog-cart, and a string of camels.

At last we are in the beautiful Shoubra Road, which is at once the Rotten Row and the Hyde Park of the Cairenes. Here are villas and palaces, orange-groves and palms, avenues of acacia and tamarisk, a verdant strip of vegetation on either side. We hardly came prepared to find Cairo a city girt round with magnificent trees, and do not know how to praise enough the cooling breeze of the evening after the stifling heat of the day. At every step we meet something to bewitch or amuse us. Here is a wayside fountain, and our dragoman, and driver, and *sais* — for even two unpretending travelers

like ourselves are not permitted to drive out without three persons to look after us — stop to drink from an earthen bottle with flowers twisted round its neck. There are no lovers of flowers like Orientals. Now we come upon an encampment of Fellahs, or a little crowd going home from daily work, the women walking, like Hagar, with their children on the shoulder, wild, sad-looking figures, twice as picturesque as the so-called Oriental subjects of modern painters; or the carriage of some Egyptian lady would pass us, driven by a negro coachman, and full of glaring green or yellow satin and black drapery. We meet every shade of complexion, ebony, walnut-juice color, olive, browns, pale, and dark. The great beauty of the Arabs of the Sahara is, I think, wanting. The Egyptian face has more character, but more coarseness, and the skin is glossy to greasiness. There is no more imposing figure in the world than an Algerine sheik in white *bourous*; although intellectual attainments cannot be attributed to him, he always looks as if he had a soul above common things.

Meantime, as the evening wears on, the press of vehicles and donkey-riders increases, and the scene becomes magnificent, but not quite what we had expected. Here are European equipages and toilets that look fresh from Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne, Oriental picturesqueness and delicious combinations of color side by side with chimney-pot hats, crinolines, and other crude inventions of modern millinery. Alas! the chimney-pot hat has reached the land of the Pharaohs, and the high-heeled boot has penetrated into the harem! By-and-by, where shall we seek for a vestige of those charming inventions of by-gone ages which have so embellished and beautified, instead of disfiguring and caricaturing, the human figure? It is hard to say.

I think the loveliest sight to be seen at Cairo, or indeed anywhere in the world, is the twilight. The vivid colors of sunset die out one by one, and are replaced by opaline hues, so vapory, lucent, and ethereal, that mosque and minaret, palace and fortress, appear part of cloud-land. An extra sense of vision seems to be bestowed upon the gazer on those undreamed-of and airy transformations. A few moments ago the gorgeous Eastern city flashed resplendent in the light of the setting sun; now it is a structure of pearl floating in an amber-colored mist. To describe such a vision is impossible.

Next day we went into the bazaars to spend our money. The principal objects of Oriental traffic are still as Gibbon describes them, "splendid and trifling;" and though it was not our intention to barter for the silk, a pound of which is esteemed in value not less than a pound of gold, precious stones, and a variety of aromatics, they were displayed to our bewildered gaze. Muslins from Damascus; creamy-colored, diaphanous, lustrous embroideries from Constantinople, heavy with gold and silver; scarfs, gorgeous and light as a butterfly's wing; silk shawls, in which purples, greens, and blues blended together as harmoniously as the plumage of tropic birds; all these were brought forth as if by magic from inner re-

ceases of wonderful little shops shaped like ovens.

The ancient love of ornament and splendor still lingers among the Egyptians. Nothing that is to be seen is thought unworthy of elaboration, from the donkey-trappings of the rich to the mahogany-colored ear of the ragged street-waterer, which is sure to have a crimson or blue flower stuck behind it. Earthen water-bottles, sold at a penny each, have a delicate pattern traced upon them, and so have the copper trays used by the poorest. The dress of our dragoman is enough to turn an artist crazy with delight, being of a soft, indescribably lovely plum-color, with a splendid red-and-gold silk scarf round his waist. Sometimes he appears in a costume of bewitching grayish blue. What a pity that costume, even in Egypt, should be on the wane, and that even the dancing dervish should appear in frock-coat and trousers!

Among other introductions, we two Englishwomen had brought a letter to a certain Turkish princess, widow of a pasha, and reputed to be a beautiful, amiable, and agreeable lady. The presentation of this missive required some little formality; but, after one or two interviews between our dragoman and her royal highness's chief of the household, all was arranged; and one sultry afternoon we found ourselves at the gate of the palace. Two very smart negroes, dressed in black frock-coats and trousers, received us with stately politeness. We were led through a garden to the front of the house, where several women-servants received us, and the men retired. These women, at a first glance, might have been taken for English maids-of-all-work; but, on closer inspection, their olive features and white-crape turbans betrayed an Oriental nationality. They were, in fact, Circassian slaves.

On the terrace sat a very ugly old *duenna* smoking a long pipe. We bowed to each other, and she rose with some difficulty to accompany us to the reception-room, a long apartment, that made us fancy we were in a fashionable lodging-house at St. Leonard's. Excepting a few knick-knacks, all the furniture had come from Paris and London, and was in very bad taste indeed. The old lady motioned us to sit down, pipes were presented to us, which we refused with all the graciousness attainable; then followed a long pause, during which our companion continued to puff away and stare hard without a word.

Then the princess entered. She was tall and slender and very handsome, with a pearly skin, delicately-cut features, and black hair and eyes. Her dress was simply perfect, ample, flowing, easy, of soft, noiseless, lustrous silk, the precise hue of which it would be impossible to describe: it was something between an asphodel-blossom and the palest pink coral, and yet neither the one nor the other approached it at all nearly. Around her head was wound a little turban of delicate-colored gauze, fastened over the forehead with a jewel.

Now, I am sorry to confess that this graceful and imposing creature was such an inveterate smoker that it seemed the sole business of two or three of her slave-girls to

supply her wants. During the two hours that we were honored with her presence one of these automaton-like figures would come in about every seven or eight minutes, unsummoned, and hand each of the ladies a cigarette. Any thing more like machinery could not be conceived. There was no salutation on the part of the servant, no acknowledgment on the part of the mistress. The cigarettes came and went, and that was all.

Meantime, our hostess had sent for the French governess of her little adopted daughter Gilparé to act as interpreter; and soon the governess and her young pupil appeared. Coffee was handed to us in little jeweled cups, the French lady made something like sociability possible, and we were asked if we should like some music and dancing.

Of course, the proposal was accepted joyfully. "You will be much amused," said the French governess to me; "the Turkish national airs are so naive, and the princess has among her young slaves some really fine voices."

"We do not realize at home," I said, "that slavery still exists in the East."

"Oh! but what kind of slavery? These girls are happier than our cooks and housemaids at home. The princess is like a mother to them. Some she marries off and provides with a dowry; to all she is kindness itself. They have no cares—think of that!"

Not being able to argue the point from her *frêges* I was silent. I could readily believe that our hostess would be good and kind to everybody and every thing under her care; but the thought was uppermost in my mind, how differently such goodness and kindness work in our own conditions of society. With us a good mistress is sure to have a smiling household. Here no one smiled. Every look and movement of the dozens of women we saw about us, most of them young girls, was joyless, mechanical, monotonous. They were evidently neither starved, nor beaten, nor overworked; but the prevailing look of apathetic helplessness and hopelessness was very depressing to unaccustomed eyes.

Meantime, the musicians and dancers entered, ten in number, all Circassians. The latter wore Turkish trousers of white linen, striped with gold, bright silk sashes, and flowers in their hair, which was long and flowing.

The singing had something inexpressibly savage about it, consisting, for the most part, of wild chants repeated again and again to a monotonous accompaniment. After the songs came the dancing, which lasted nearly an hour—if a series of gymnastic feats and exercises could indeed be called dancing. The woodcuts in Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," representing women tumbling and performing feats of agility, from the temple of Beni Hassan, would give a better idea of the entertainment than any descriptions in writing. The jumps, prostrations, rhythmic movement of the arms, standing on the head, and other ungraceful, laborious performances, displayed for our amusement, must be very like those of the dancing-women at the time of the Pharaohs.

On the termination of the dance we rose to take leave. Gilparé, her governess, and

half a dozen maids—I mean slaves—accompanied us to the garden, where we were presented with roses; then they retired, and we drove away, without the slightest wish ever again to enter the precincts of a harem. The monotony, the inanition, the dead-alive atmosphere, were unendurable.

There are a hundred thousand slaves or thereabouts still in Cairo; and we heard some interesting stories of daring escapes from the harem. The English consul is empowered to give civil manumission, but, of course, has no authority to go further; and the religious ties can at any time step in between slavery and freedom. For example, a slave-girl flies to the British embassy and protests against the cruelty of her master; but if he demands her, declaring that she is his wife, the end of the matter is that she must go with him. Then there is the difficulty of providing for manumitted slaves. They are, for the most part, incapable of shifting for themselves. The Circassian women who have been brought up from childhood in the ease of the harem, are especially difficult to deal with. Vain, ignorant, and self-conceited, they look upon themselves as important personages, and would turn up their noses at the notion of marrying a man who could not provide them with a slave!

Thus affairs are likely to remain much as they are; and slavery promises to outlast Oriental costume, architecture, and other things daily giving way to European civilization.

Those who wish to see the Cairo of the past should not delay. The beautiful old houses, with their polished and fantastic lattice-work; the narrow streets, having such delicious coolness and play of light and shadow, are fast disappearing. You hear the remorseless chipping and hammering of the mason all day long; and soon the demolishers will be replaced by the reconstructors, and boulevards will be the promenade of the Cairenes. Of course, travelers are compensated for much that is lost. There are the roads, for example, which enable you to drive to the Pyramids in an hour and a half, and to breathe the sweet air of the desert with as little fatigue as if you were driving along the Richmond Road. Then there are the hotels, which, though expensive, are in other respects satisfactory; clean, cool, and comfortable. It is all very well to talk of the romance of travel ending where modernization begins. A fine landscape is enjoyed none the less because it is seen after a good breakfast; and rapturous impressions do not wear off the sooner because you sleep upon them in a comfortable bed. If people travel for pleasure they should travel at their ease. In scientific explorations, of course, all minor points are left out. You make up your mind to hardships beforehand, and start off with the smallest possible amount of luggage, to which it is necessary to add the largest possible amount of endurance. But holiday travel, like music, painting, and other intellectual recreations, should be perfect of its kind; and, granted a capacious portmanteau and a good supply of money, where cannot one find it in these days?

The drives around Cairo are delicious. I think I liked the Abbasseah Road best of all,

where we met the sweet, fresh, inexpressibly exhilarating air of the desert. After passing avenues of acacia, sycamore, and tamarisk, we came upon a wide, wondrous prospect of waving sands, burned to a dark brown; purple hills, or what, for want of the proper name, I call purple—there are so many new colors in Egypt! here and there the white cupola of a mosque; and, over all, that pale, mysterious evening sky, never before seen or imagined, and, once seen, never to be forgotten.

Some of the most beautiful monuments in Cairo are on the borders of the desert, about half an hour's drive from the town. These are the so-called Tombs of the Caliphs, but they are in reality tombs of the Mameluke kings. The Mameluke dynasty lasted from 1250 to 1517 A. D., when El Tomar was defeated by the Turks near Heliopolis, and hanged at Cairo. For two hundred years, like the Praetorian bands, they had carried all before them, choosing a ruler from their own ranks, and their military aristocracy lasted till the well-known massacre commanded by Mehemet Ali in 1811. Mercenaries of European blood, bought or stolen on account of a powerful physique, these splendid soldiers never lost prestige till the battle of the Pyramids; but they had made themselves feared and detested by all kinds of vices, and Mehemet Ali's treacherous act was doubtless condoned by the people generally.

The Tombs of the Caliphs are exquisitely beautiful, with small minarets and cupolas, each slightly differing from the rest in size and design. A more graceful cluster cannot be conceived; all, alas! fast falling to ruin. The minarets are of dark-orange color, and very dainty in shape. The cupolas are of a rich pattern, and are designed in the best Saracenic taste. Inside, the wealth and elegance of decoration remind us of the Alhambra. There are flowers of inlaid marble, screens of elaborate-carved wood, painted ceilings, tombs, pulpits, and walls, as beautiful as any thing to be seen either at Granada or Cordova; and they are evidently doomed to the same fate of ruin and neglect. The tombs of the Mameluke kings are encumbered with broken walls, filth, and rubbish, while within nothing is done to hinder impending decay. It is heart-rending to see all this. We can ill afford to lose what little remains of Saracenic art, characterized, as it is, by such bewitching qualities of grace and fancy as we shall vainly seek elsewhere. The Moors of the middle ages were essentially an artistic people, and, like the Greeks, carried their love of art into the life of every day. Dress, dwelling, furniture, were all made choice and beautiful. They breathed an atmosphere of beauty all their lives long, not getting, as we do, sparse "gales of health blowing from salubrious lands."

The glorious mosques of Cairo are not easy to see. In the first place, strangers have to obtain formal permission from the police, which involves delay; and, in the second, if they are ladies, they are sure to be objects of curiosity and observation. When we tried to see any mosque we were always pooh-poohed by our dragoman, who had evidently a Mussulman's prejudice against admitting

unbelievers into the holy places. And when we prevailed upon him to take us, we were invariably surrounded by a crowd whom he could with difficulty keep off. There is a profound feeling of jealousy at the bottom of all this. Without understanding what was said by the mob at our heels, we could read plainly enough in their faces: "Why are these women here? What right have they to trouble themselves about our places of worship?" The few mosques that I did see at Cairo, out of hundreds, impressed me greatly, especially the Escher. This is the college of Cairo. It is not so much remarkable for beauty of architecture as for its vast courts, which swarm all day long with zealous students of the Koran. These crowds form a curious spectacle. The master sits on a stool, or stands in the midst, surrounded by a group of men and boys squatted on the ground, some reciting pages of the Koran, others reciting passages in a loud voice, all absorbed and eager. When we entered, the great court was like a field of red-and-white poppies, with hundreds of turbaned heads bending backward and forward, in a kind of studious ecstasy, while the mingled voices made a surging, continuous sound, deafening at first.

Bewildered, stunned, elbowed by a little crowd of inquisitive idlers, who every moment threatened to cut us off from our dragoman and *caisse*, we pushed our slow way through the dense masses. To stay longer for purposes of inquiry or inspection was next to impossible. Mussulman devotion is outraged at any intrusion upon sacred ground, and, though strangers are allowed to enter the mosques, the permission is not given with a good grace. It is impossible not to sympathize with a feeling which has its origin in real religiousness. The Mohammedans, without a doubt, act up to the five articles of their faith—prayer, fasting, ablution, pilgrimage, and resignation.

No one who has spent the month of *Ramadan* in the East can discredit the sincerity of the great fast, nor can any one who has fallen in, as we did later, with a crowd of home-returning pilgrims, discredit the annual pilgrimage to Mecca; while the most hasty traveler has daily proof of the ablutions, prayers, and resignation, which are carried out according to the prophet's injunctions.

The mosques at Cairo are worthy of a religious people. Simple, grand in design, exquisite in detail, they leave behind them a clear and ineffaceable impression of beauty. Saracenic art has that delicious quality of playfulness, that childlike spontaneity and freshness, ever the characteristics of true art. You cannot add or take away from the outpourings of genius, which does not do its best or its worst, but simply its own bidding.

There is one mosque which all strangers are taken to see—that erected by Mehemet Ali in the citadel; but, except from its magnitude and richness of materials, it is unworthy of a visit. There is positively nothing here except marble, cedar-wood, gold, and ivory, to remind you of Saracenic architecture, so completely is the art decayed. What a pity that the most precious remains of its golden age should be allowed to perish!

AN AFTERNOON AT GUTTENBERG.

MOST city people like to hear of small excursions here and there, perhaps with vague hopes that circumstances may permit them, in their good time, to reap the same joys of picnicking and strolling. That these pleasures are not appreciated need not be told; it is known too thoroughly already. How many of us, who can, are likely to start off of a bright day with a companion or two and a small basket, to be gone until sundown, in the rich fields of Long Island or Westchester County, at the expense of fifty cents, or less, for car-fares? How many of us can be trusted to be amused with hills, valleys, verdure, sunlight, and chat, from noon until evening? Do not reply. The answer might criminate the most ingenuous of you. You point to the Germans. All right! It is admitted that the Germans do understand, to a certain extent, the art of utilizing a little leisure time, but it is not the Germans that are meant; it is the poor native fellows who clerk it, and cram it, and commission it; who either smoke and sleep in their rooms on a Sunday afternoon, or go off in a drag to High Bridge, or in a boat to Long Branch, at a cost of half a week's income.

One is almost inclined to wait here a moment and write a word or two on the deliciousness of economy, especially in matters where there is no palpable return for the expenditure; but the temptation must be resisted, as it is not often that one gets such a reputable opportunity to tell of at least one pleasant way in which three spare hours may be passed.

It will be necessary to explain (so little is the place known) that Guttenberg is a locality lying upon the west side of the North River, abreast, perhaps, of Seventieth Street. The writer crossed to it by means of the Forty-second Street ferry; and, if you care to do likewise, he advises you to make your journey on a sunny afternoon, when the merry-makers are abroad.

At the wharf, a hundred or so of German men, women, and children, will be disposed on all "coignes of vantage" for a hundred yards around, waiting in silence for the lumbering vessel that is to take them to Guttenberg across the way, where they hope to disport themselves in the gardens of the huge white brewery that one sees at a distance standing up against the face of the rocky cliff. Opposite you, as your argosy backs out from the dock mud and the decayed and steaming wharves, will be Weehawken, where the great American dueling-ground is now graded and degraded by an infamous branch of the Erie Railway. In front of it will lie, perhaps, if you go there pretty soon, a black and miserable "rendering-boat;" and it is next to impossible to think finely of the shooting-matter, when, as Mr. Ward expressed it, such things are.

A little way up the river, the huge palisade has been denuded of its fine, natural growth of trees, in order that the quarry-men may get at the rocks from which they make the blocks for the Belgian pavement; and,

although they have been blasting and rending at this bold cliff for fifteen years or more, it seems to have been but nibbled, after all. With the sun shining straight upon it, the succession of gigantic ledges rising one above the other, and joined by a chain of hot and dusty winding roads, is the very picture of heartless desolation. The bald and jagged top shows sharply against the tender blue of the sky; and the yellowish facade, full of ravines and crevices, is as dismal as if it were in a Bokharian steppe, rather than within a mile of New York. By looking hard, one may see two or three stone-breaking mills perched dangerously midway up the broken face of the rock, with their rough "shoots" and rusty chimneys; and, over the tops of the stone parapets, there are likely enough to be leaning some Sunday strollers, with parasols, bright shawls, and lofty black hats, who, to carry out the idea that immediately suggests itself, should be bloody bandits, with carbines and telescopes, and picturesque wives to match.

The landing is in the midst of one of those indescribably barren and comfortless places that are so characteristic of a greater part of the suburbs. There are the "made" roads filled with dust, the half-painted three-story frame houses, the same ugly yards, noisy with pigs and hens, the same crazy fences, the same green pools, the same husks of people (not hearty, happy people by any means), the same pungent smells and the same unrelieved starkness and ugliness that always mark a spot which once was the country, but which is now in momentary expectation of becoming the city. Settlements, like boys, have their auge.

One stroll along beside the river, if he can be said to stroll upon a plank walk, and passes some huge cattle-sheds and yards filled with roaring beasts, who rattle their horns on the barriers, and pry desperately with them, to the prodigious terror of the women pleasure-seekers, who seize their children by the nearest parts of their bodies, and break for the fastnesses of the—well, the Apennines.

A quarter of a mile farther north is the brewery. One counts the stories. There are nine. The roof is red, and, at the upper windows, there are people sitting and looking down. The excursionists from the ferry, who have straggled all over the lowlands, among the rocks and bowlders, something like skirmishers, begin to gather in toward a zigzag flight of brown steps that lead up to the top of the lofty cliff, and the air is filled with laughter and the echoes of laughter. Panting and shrieking with the same breath, they drag themselves up the steps, stopping at the landing to encourage those below, and to tremble a little at the height they have already attained.

Half-way up are white stables upon a broad terrace, and a number of yellow-haired Bavarians in blue smocks stand lazily about the yard, leaning against huge empty casks twice their height. They joke in their own language, and their laughs roll about among the rocks like mellifluous thunders.

Flights of pigeons come swooping down from the roofs and east numberless flying shadows over the arid yard, and all the chil-

dron in sight lift up their voices in admiration.

It is clear, at once, that this is a spot beloved of good King Gambrinus. You see his belongings on every side. The air is permeated with a bitterish perfume of hops; and every crevice and cranny in all the region seems to hold kegs or casks, in which beer has been, and again will be. Just under the cliff, almost hidden by the shrubbery, is an impoverished white cottage with a lean out-work of piazzas and balustrades; and, as one looks down upon its roof, he finds a sign saying, with a certain familiarity, "Little House under the Hill." This will draw closer attention, and, through the curtain of leaves, he will perceive a dozen long tables half hidden in the bushes, surrounded with happy drinkers, whose fun and frolic make the retreat merry as a robbers' cave. It is impossible not to harp on robbers. The ragged, semi-mysterious covert and romantic features that all things possess, somehow suggest polite violence, and, were one suddenly asked to give up his watch and money, the chances are that he would do it cheerfully in order to keep matters in the proper tone.

When you reach, after much heavy breathing, the summit of the cliff, you will see before you the grand assemblage of desperadoes. No doubt there will be three or four thousand of them strolling about amid the trees of a large garden, or sitting at the innumerable small tables with which the whole place is studded.

A tremendous chorus of battering glasses, calls for beer, cries of children, salutes and counter-salutes from the Schwartzes to the Müllers will momentarily overpower you, and it will seem that all the villains have fallen together by the ears. But it is only their fun. Joy is noise, and noise is joy.

There is a very long, wide gallery, with a wooden roof, supported by slender posts, which are encircled by running vines, whose verdant drapery is festooned, from one to the other, in a way to suit one's demand for an Italian effect.

Under this canopy are more tables, and consequently more jollity. The waiters hasten hither and thither, in their clacking slippers, bearing a foaming mug to each finger, and three more on top; the children chase about, the young men and maidens boldly hold each other's hands, the men argue, the mothers gossip, and the blades drink wine from red bottles.

Seated at one of these tables, one may look down the great cliff, and out over the broad and glowing river. There is the splendid bay, the generous harbor, filled with anchored ships, and the wide, red city, from whose numberless steeples there comes the softened, languid clangor of the afternoon bells. The melody flows over all the rougher sounds, and it is easy to isolate one's self, and to live for a moment upon Rhenish hill.

There are plenty of vines, plenty of white clouds, plenty of rich slopes, and plenty of houses, set upon mountains. Far off in the distance the eye catches the glimmer of the waters in the sound; and, to the north, the bold lands melt away from green to blue, and hide themselves in the haze.

It will seem a little mysterious that the few steps you have taken have brought you up so high. The eminence that you doubtless thought so poorly of, midway on your passage hither, seems, now that you have climbed it, a mountain of prodigious height. All the hills around dwindle away; the huge boats, on the bosom of the water, shrink to toys; the broad, white sails of the Sabbath-breaking sloops seem like the wings of moths, and the waves, raised by the wind, look like fading breathings upon an azure glass.

One may look off for thirty miles upon the most beautiful picture of sea and land. The two elements are closely intermingled; and, when you find a headland, you also find its dark reflection in the water-mirror. It will appear to you that you have never properly known the Hudson until now; it is likely that its breadth, its depth, its mighty and even awful placidity, have never been so impressed upon you. The word awful is very nearly the only one that will convey the sensation that the contemplation of the river will arouse; its mysterious advance from among the distant hills, its inevitable seizure upon all the land that it can grasp, the perpetual threat of drowning that it holds over the timid structures at its edge, the frightful depth that you know it has, the glittering smile that you see it wear, the feeble venturings of the lilliputian fellows upon its powerful surface, will all contribute to a sort of fearing admiration, that will always revive whenever you again come into its presence. The novel feeling of being perched up in the air, as one is here, is singularly pleasant. The grand arch of the sky, the warm sunlight, the cooling breeze from out the west, the continuous swelling and sinking rustle of the foliage, the distance off to the right, and the left, and downward, and over yonder, is something inexpressibly charming to a denizen of a street.

It is a little surprising, too, to find that the distance from a scene of staid silence to a scene of happy abandon is so very small. It seems like a sudden intrusion into a very far country, where you recall your gaze from the water and landscape, and examine your surroundings. Down below, and on the sides of the cliff, you see people in bright colors climbing merrily about through the shrubbery, and their laughing calls to each other come up fitfully on the breaths of wind. Water-parties come in at the landing far below; and, through the paths that lead everywhere in the woods, there stroll knots of smokers, with saplings for canes, and sprigs of green in their hats. All the chairs in the garden are filled with childlike parents, before whom are cheeses, and pretzels, and pints of brew; and throngs of children, mostly in white, perilously disport themselves on the steps and the lattices. Upon a patch of sward a few young fellows in a uniform throw hand-springs and wrestle together; and, in each interval, refresh themselves from a private keg set in the curious crotch of a tree. Applause is frequent, and, at times, the excitement runs high when it seems that Carl has a cross-buttock for Otto, or that Otto is trying to put the back-leg lock upon Carl. It is likely that a chorus from the woods will catch

your ear, and down the winding road will come a boating-crew, with wide, blue collars, straw hats, and ashen cars, singing a German song. The girls clamber in the swings, the riflemen fire air-guns at the portrait of Mephisto, whose heart has a bell, and there is an almost perpetual rumble of alleys-balls, into which is interpolated the woody rattle of the falling pins.

One surrenders himself, and calls like a true Würtemberger for beer; the hat comes off, a certain independence ruins the perfect attitude, a demand for more sunshine and song is begotten, and the talk turns upon Goethe and his loves. The fact that New York is but twenty minutes distant is sunk out of memory, and it is not until the shadows grow long that the true senses return again, and you and your friends quit the beautiful hill, and descend to the ferry.

You are advised to make this little journey. It is not often that a Sunday jaunt is innocent of imposing a tax upon your purse, or your muscles, or your morals, or your friends, and it will be something of a luxury to make one that will confer a benefit.

HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

IS it in depth, in color, or size,
The charm which lies in those lovely eyes,
Blue as the summer sky?
A babe's, a child's, a woman's in one,
My heart is drank up as the dew by the sun,
By the glance of her beautiful eye.

Softly, timidly glancing up,
Unclosing its lid like a violet cup,
Looks wondrously sweet and shy;
Gazing into its depths, I know
The charm which sets my heart in a glow
Is the soul in her beautiful eye.

VERE EGERTON.

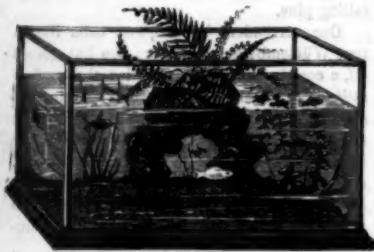
MISCELLANY.

AQUARIA.

(From the "REVISED AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA," now in course of publication by D. Appleton & Co.)

AQUARIUM, or *aquarium*, a term applied to certain artificial arrangements for the exhibition and study of living animals and plants inhabiting either fresh or salt water. To Mrs. Power, a lady of French descent, belongs the credit of first adopting the aquarium as an aid to scientific research. This intelligent and enthusiastic naturalist, during the year 1832, began the study of the fishes and algae off the coast of Sicily, by transferring them to glass tanks in which the water was often renewed; and this renewal or revivification of the water was long regarded as essential to the health and vigorous growth of the inmates, it being argued that, as the air is contaminated by the breathing of animals living upon the surface, and its oxygen is combined with the carbon furnished by the organic body, so the air contained in the water is consumed by administering to animal life, and the gaseous product is not only unfit for longer sustaining this, but, unless removed, proves fatal to it. But subsequent investigations into the various phenomena of vegetable and animal growth have determined that it is the office of plants to restore to the atmosphere the oxygen, and absorb the excess of carbon; and it appears

that the subaqueous vegetation fulfills the same office in preserving the purity of the air in the water, upon which depends the life of the animals it contains; and that this balance may not be destroyed by the presence of poisonous gases, the results of decomposition and decay, it was found needful to add certain animals which feed on decomposing vegetable



Fresh-Water Tank.

matter, and act as the scavengers in this community. Such are the various species of the molluscan animals, as the snails. It is also of importance to guard against the preponderance of animal life in these artificial tanks or jars; for, although there can hardly be too many plants for the health of the animals, as long as they grow healthily and do not decompose, yet an excess of animals over plants will disturb the balance, and lead to the destruction of the former. *Valisneria spiralis*, various species of *chara*, *Anacharis alsinastrum*, *Stratiotes aloides*, *Callitrichia autumnalis* or *vernalis*, *Ranunculus aquatilis*, and *Myriophyllum spicatum*, are among the fresh-water plants adapted to this purpose. The fresh-water aquarium is more easily constructed, and requires less skillful management than the marine tank. It should be square or hexagonal, as curved surfaces distort the forms of the inmates, and a greater number of sides increases the liability to leakage. Where metal corner-posts are used, they should be plated, if possible, as the oxidation of the metal often results disastrously. The glass plates should be held in position by hydraulic cement; that known as Scott's is highly recommended. Where putty only is available, it should be painted, the tank filled with water for a week or more, and then carefully cleaned before receiving the fishes and plants. The bottom should be covered to a depth of an inch or more with well-washed river-sand, and its surface thickly strewed with pebbles; clay or mould should be avoided, both because of the vegetable germs it may contain, and because its frequent disturbance by the fish renders the water turbid. The use of tastefully-arranged rock-work adds greatly to the beauty; but rocks containing metallic substances should be rejected; and, where shells are used, they should first be well soaked or calcined, in order to destroy all organic matter contained in them. In constructing these arches or columns, Portland cement may be used to advantage, and some point of the structure should project above the water-level. Thus arranged, the tank, which should be at least twelve inches deep, may be filled, with fresh spring or river water, to within an inch of the top, and it is then ready for occupation. Such fresh-water plants as the *budomus*, *nymphaea*, and *elatia*, should have their fibrous roots extended and gently embedded in the sand, with a layer of pebbles to keep them in position. All river-plants that bud and root from points on the stem, as *anacharis*, *ranunculus*, *callitrichia*, and *chara*, can be raised by securing them in tufts to the sandy bottom by a light layer of pebbles. There are certain plants which, in addition to beauty of structure and vigorous growth, are of great service

as oxygen-producers; such are the *Valisneria spiralis*, water-thyme (*Anacharis alsinastrum*), with the flowering water crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis*), milfoil, and starwort. Though the stocking of the aquarium depends largely upon the purpose it is to serve, yet caution is needed as to the number and habits of the inmates. A young pickerel only an inch and a half long has been known to devour twenty-five minnows in a week. For general interest, the stickleback takes the lead among the fishes; and, for beauty, the gold-fish; tench, gudgeon, perch, minnow, and Prussian carp, all flourish, with snails and mussels as purifiers. Where the proper balance is not easily maintained, and the renewal of the water is difficult, it may be revived by dipping out and pouring back in a small stream from a proper height. As in the marine tank, an excess of sunlight is apt to encourage the growth of a minute green fungus, besides unduly elevating the temperature, which should range between 40° and 60° Fahr. The marine tank, owing to its greater range, and the extreme sensitiveness of its animals and plants, requires more constant and careful management. As a rule, it should be more shallow. To secure this, and also obtain sufficient depth of water for fish and hardy plants, a tank having its back and two ends opaque has been successfully adopted, in which case these may be of the same material as the bed-plate—marble, slate, or well-seasoned wood. The front is of glass, and the bottom an inclined plane, rising from the lower corner in front to above the water-level behind; on this rest the rock and shell work. The triangular space between the front and this plane may be filled to the depth of an inch or two with sand and gravel, with a sprinkling of the same among the rocks and shells above. The purpose of this sloping floor is to afford the anemones, actinia, etc., which move seldom and slowly, to approach the surface and recede from it at pleasure. Marine plants purify sea-water, as fresh-water plants purify fresh water. The difficulties of maintaining the balance are, however, greater in sea-water artificial tanks than in fresh-water; but, by care in selecting sea-weeds, avoiding those which are large and throw off much matter from their surface, and not over-crowding the water with animal life, tanks containing marine aquatic animals and plants can be easily managed. Species of *porphyra*, *chondrus*, *crispus*, *Iridaea edulis*, and the *detes*-series are recommended. Where vegetation is only needed for the production of oxygen, Mr. Shirley Hibberd, the author of a useful hand-book on the aquarium, recommends the encouragement of coniferous growth; and, where sea-water is used, the germs contained in it will soon, under the light and warmth

which would otherwise obstruct the vision. The fishes and crustaceous and molluscan animals should be introduced by degrees, with proper regard to maintaining the due balance of vegetable and animal life. Those which appear to thrive best are minnows, sticklebacks, shrimps, small lobsters, hermit-crabs, eels, and star-fishes. The *petolla*, or

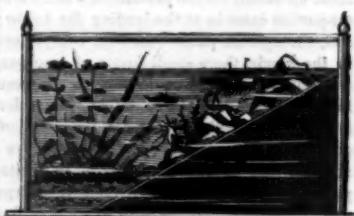


Marine Tank, Front View.

limpet, *purpura*, or whelk, the top, the winkle, and several varieties of *crepidula*, also do well. The more delicate sea-plants, with the various forms of actinia, should be secured if possible attached to their native bed, as removal from it is hazardous. The best position for either tank is between or at the side of windows, so as to avoid the direct rays of the sun. Marine animals and plants are extremely sensitive to atmospheric changes, and the salt water, which should not vary far from 60° Fahr., should also have a specific gravity of 1.028 at this temperature. As in the fresh-water aquarium, regard must be paid to the habits and tastes of the inmates, lest the stronger overcome the weaker. All save the fishes may be best transported in damp sea-weed, care being taken to pack securely and transfer rapidly. Where sea-water cannot be obtained, a mixture of common salt eighty-one parts, Epsom-salts seven parts, chloride of magnesium ten parts, and chloride of potassium two parts, may be dissolved in pure water until its gravity reaches 1.028 at 60° Fahr. The animals should be fed twice a week with finely-cut fresh mussels, oysters, or raw beef; and, in case of the mollusks, actinia, etc., the food should be brought within reach by means of a small glass rod. Decayed vegetation or putrid animal matter must be quickly removed. When the supply of oxygen is limited, the fishes will approach the surface often to breathe.

THE MARRIAGE STATE.

The avowed and inevitable result to which Mr. Mill's argument leads is, that the identity of husband and wife, which is the theory of canon and common law, should be replaced by a partnership contract, under which both should be equal and independent. That identity he refuses to distinguish from slavery tempered by scolding and profaned by peculiar degradation. Man and wife should both be perfectly free agents, competent to contract each with the other, each with the outside world, and liable to all the responsibilities which they severally undertake. It is one vital objection to this plan that it renders family government impossible; next, that it involves the surveillance of law courts over family life, for, the sanction of the husband's authority being withdrawn, no other sanction is provided; thirdly, that the separate rights and responsibilities of "man and wife limited" will open the door to endless frauds upon third parties; and, lastly, that the relationship, being one of contract, and not that of *status* defined by law and



Marine Tank, Side View.

of the sun, develop into a vigorous and serviceable vegetation. This, together with certain animalcules that, contrary to rule, are also oxygen-producers, will be all that is needed to preserve the desired balance. The absence of direct sunlight and the presence of the *buccinum*, or sea-snail, both serve to keep in check that fungous or mucous growth

sanctioned by religion, must be dissoluble at will.

Our case is that, abolish the tenet of the wife's submission, and you provide no cure for unhappy marriages; while there is no argument in favor of the wife's independence which does not also point in favor of facile divorces and temporary unions. It is absurd to suppose that any man will undertake life-long liabilities which he is to be unable to control or regulate—will constitute a woman his agent, without power to limit or control her agency—will place her in command of his household without the right of ultimate decision in case of difference. Or, if the wife is to be separately responsible for all that she does, it is absurd to suppose that the marriage relation is to continue while the wife is free to enter, in spite of his disapproval, into engagements inconsistent with those of wife, mother, and mistress of the household, and generally to "develop her individuality" at the expense of her duties to her husband and children, and in a manner utterly disapproved by him. Mr. Stephen has conclusively shown how entirely in the woman's favor is the condition of indissolubility introduced. She has life-long rights as against her husband, immunity from all civil responsibility, while she devotes herself to what is in truth the real female occupation, and which frequently absorbs all her time and energies; and in return for the right to life-long protection and support she owes the correlative duty of submission.

The true character and extent of this submission form the gist of the whole subject. Mr. Mill's view or representation of it is exaggerated. The law recognizes the wife's place in the family, and, though it frees her from external responsibility, and merges her existence in that of her husband, it secures her a position of authority and independence within the household. Contrast her position with that of her grown-up daughter. The latter is no doubt *sui juris*; but the former has gained position and rights relative to her husband, which, so far from regarding as slavery, she considers as the reward of her life, and a source of emulation for her daughter. It is of far more importance that the submission of which we speak should be the duty of the wife than of a servant or a grown-up daughter. The wife is trusted with large powers, has permanent rights and authority, and is too absolutely identified with her husband to render her willful disloyalty and disobedience any thing short of the subversion of the household.

So far from the submission required being identical with slavery, it is only of that kind which is consistent with equal position in the eyes of society, identity of interest, the wife's right to use the husband's authority in the family, and generally to represent him in all matters connected with the household. It is of that kind which is required by loyal co-operation, and the faithful blending of lives and dispositions by common aims and mutual assistance. It does not prevent the due "development" of the wife's "individuality," but does prevent such development from being inconsistent with the discharge of conjugal duty. It emancipates the wife from outside responsibility, and gives her relatively to her husband the full rewards of life. And if in any point law falls short in according to her just rewards, it can be amended without touching the vital principle of wife-like obedience and submission.

There may be, and probably is, in many classes, an undue neglect of female education, an altogether indefensible fostering of the notion that boys are infinitely and in all respects superior to girls, and a general encouragement to the notion that men may be selfish and tyrannical, and that wives should be helpless or even abject. But this is a mat-

ter of defective education, and can be altered without revolutionizing the institution of marriage. At the present time, the tone of men with regard to women is a sure sign of their own degree of education, or of the capacities and acquirements of their own female relations.

Mr. Mill takes the extravagant instance of the "vilest malefactor" who has some wretched woman tied to him, "against whom he can commit any atrocity except killing her, and, if tolerably cautious, can do even that without much danger of incurring the legal penalty." Of course, if a vile malefactor, or any other brute, consorts with a fellow-creature, the result will be oppression and cruelty. But how will it be altered by giving the woman legal independence? A man cannot kill his wife in the exercise of marital authority, nor will her legal independence give her any security. If the law cannot protect life, much less will it protect her independence and equality.

Besides, of what avail is it to argue against an institution of universal interest from the conduct of savages to whom it was never meant to apply, or at least in whose favor it was never introduced? It is useless to revolutionize the institution of marriage on their account, for, according to Mr. Mill's own theories, "probably the great majority of married people live in a spirit of a just law of equality"—i. e., are perfectly happy with the existing relationship; and the only evil which requires a remedy so violent is the sentimental dislike of subjection, fostered by a pernicious teaching and an unripe philosophy. That sentimental dislike we characterize as "a base, unworthy, mutinous disposition, subversive of all that is most worth having in life." If a woman is really stronger in character and mental power than her husband, she ought, according to Mr. Mill, to absorb the chief authority in the family for the interests of the family and as her own right. Our answer is, that she will do so now under existing circumstances, but that such superiority will be, and ought to be, toned down by reference to the principle of her official subordination and duty of submission. That this is degrading, or cutting her off from aspiring to the first place, is absurd. If the lieutenant is a better seaman than the captain, he will absorb more moral authority in the ship; but it will render all the more incumbent upon him the duties of loyal fidelity and subordination. If the leader of the House of Commons is a man of greater natural powers and capacity than a premier in the House of Lords, he will practically supersede the authority of his chief; but it would denote "a base, unworthy, and mutinous disposition" if he were on that account to throw off the duty of subordination, and would render cooperation impossible.

In short, Christianity and good sense have solved the difficulties of sexual relationship by establishing monogamy, indissolubility of marriage, and the subordination of the wife to the husband, so far at least as is necessary to preserve the objects of marriage and the loyal co-operation of husband and wife. Under such a system, those happy marriages are rendered possible which Mr. Mill describes with so much force and eloquence. And no instance is brought in his works of which it can be said that it tends to condemn the system. Marriage is of all subjects and institutions the most serious one to tamper with. And while Mr. Mill denounces the existing form of the institution in the strongest terms, and calls upon the whole female sex to revolt against it as unworthy, and to the lowest degree degrading, he proposes no other form which the institution should or could take, which is not on the face of it absurd, and which it is impossible should ever coexist with permanence of duration and unity, and

completeness of association. The duty of wife-like obedience will last as long as the Christian religion prevails, and can never be subverted until we are content to remedy the evils of our social system by a recourse to the practices of Mohammedans and Mormons.—*Blackwood*.

WASPS.

A tropical wasp differs very greatly from the kind we are accustomed to see in this country. It is double the size, though with the same tapering shape, and most handsomely marked in black and yellow rings. They are very common in Africa, and much feared by the natives, who dread the great pain and swelling which follow a sting. They are fond of hanging their combs on small trees and bushes, and in clearing jungle the men often get stung. Two or three are sufficient to cause temporary fever, and they always pick out a most tender spot, such as the ear, eyelid, or tip of the nose. I was on one occasion much interested in the movements of a lady-wasp building her nest. She commenced on a hot summer's day in February, by coming into the room where I was reading, and buzzing round all the corners until she had selected one. Then she went out, and returned with a little lump of clay as big as a pea, which she stuck against the wall with her two front legs, humming all the time. When that was done, she fetched another, adding piece to piece, until by night she had completed a hollow cell as big as a pencil, and about an inch long. One end was closed, the other open. Next morning I found her hard at work again, carrying something which I afterward found were spiders, and placing them inside the cell until it was full, then she closed it up, and set about constructing another on the top of the first. This process went on for a week, when she had made seven cells, one above the other, completing one every day. She did not work any more, though continually flying in and out and buzzing round the nest, until one day, soon afterward, it fell down during a gale of wind. Luckily it lighted on the sofa, and was not smashed. I was very curious to find out what she had been putting inside, and proceeded to open each cell with my penknife. The clay had become dry and hard, and it was not easy to do; but with care I got the contents out unharmed. No. 1 had a partition in the centre, making two chambers. Each contained a small grub, with a white transparent skin about half an inch long, and the size of a crow-quill. In the first were two spiders, and in the other one partially eaten. There is no doubt they were placed there as food for the young wasps, for, on my putting the already eaten one close to their mouths, they both laid hold of it with a sucking motion. No. 2 cell contained the young in a different stage. It had slightly shrivelled up, and was yellower than the others. It also had a brownish outer skin like that of a chrysalis, bound round with a few silky webs resembling those of a cocoon. There were two spiders with it. No. 3 was filled with twenty spiders, on one of which I found a tiny oblong transparent eye, or more probably grub, though I could not make out the mouth, and all the others were the same, only differing in the size of the grub, and the number of the spiders—the former increasing as the latter lessened.

What puzzles me is how they get out when arrived at maturity, as their prison is formed of such hard material. I can understand how, from being almost microscopic, they become large grubs after eating twenty spiders, how they then become a chrysalis, and lastly a full-grown wasp, but not how they break the strong clay walls and get into the open air.

Most of the spiders were of the common home sort, all but three, and those I had never seen before. One was a delicate green, and I think the wasp must have sharp eyes to distinguish it from the grass. A jet-black one, with yellow feelers, was very like a beetle in shape, and the third had a green front and yellow afterpart, with a red stripe running along the back. Altogether I found it very interesting. Since that I once lived in a room that was not papered, but merely painted over the plaster; and the wasps came in dozens. Two built nests like the one I have described, the others merely bored round holes in the walls, in the hard plaster, nearly, if not quite, an inch deep. I never could quite clearly make out what they did it for, but I believe they were carrying off the clay of which the plaster was made to make nests with in other places. Afterward, in a sugar-mill, I saw the walls similarly pierced.

Talking of wasps, brings up the subject of honey. I believe it is not generally known that in the interior of Africa there is a small fly that makes honey in large quantities, as good, if not better, than that of the bee. I have often eaten it while shooting. This little fly bores a minute hole in the earth eighteen to twenty-four inches deep, which it lines with clay. It then forms a round lump as large as a turnip, the shell being of hard earth or clay bound together with some sticky substance, and the inside pure honey. It is very liquid, and has a slightly acid taste, and, though rather difficult to eat without getting any earth in one's mouth, is capital, and well worth the trouble of digging up. The place is found, like a bees' nest, by seeing the fly alight and go down the mouth of the little hole, and it is curious that the honey-bird never leads one to it.

The way this little bird, which somewhat resembles our water-wagtail, follows and persecutes any human being it may see until it gets them to follow, is one of the most curious things in natural history. It makes a sharp chitter, flitting in front from tree to tree, coming back every now and then to see that you are going in the right direction until you get into the neighborhood of the nest, when, after telling you, by a slight change in its demeanor, that you are close to the spot, it flies off to a neighboring tree, and watches your operations. Failing a bee's nest, it may take you to any thing unusual it may see—a large snake, a tiger, or even a human being. Game in much-hunted districts learn to connect the chitter of this bird with the presence of man, and keep a sharp lookout when they hear it.—*Land and Water.*

AFTER THE BALL.

The pathos of "one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted," so often alluded to by the poets, and so universally recognized by the people, hardly has its counterpart in the halls that were not reared with hands, and the galleries that no man decorated. In these, sometimes, dwell a more solemn grandeur and a more serene pleasure, when the step of the stranger is unseen and the voices of mirth are unheard. Among our Northern hills there is one glory of the summer and another glory of the autumn; and this latter is not visible while the throng of gay visitors overflows the mountain-houses. The foliage has scarcely deepened into its first blush, when "low on the sand, and loud on the stone, the last wheel echoes away."

But the silence just alluded to is not all silent. The Old Man of the Mountain looks down upon gleaming steel and falling timber; and the reverberations of Echo Lake are fretted by the sound of the horse-power and the buzz-saw, while the romantic little path that leads down to its margin is blocked

with huge piles of fresh-cut fire-wood, of which six hundred cords must now be prepared, to warm the guests of the Profile House in '73.

The ride of twelve miles from Littleton into the Franconia Notch is at this time (October) a succession of colossal pictures in the most brilliant colors. As you first look about you, it seems as if the great book of Nature, having worn out its green summer binding, had been transformed into a presentation copy, with gorgeous marbled edges. But you rapidly glide into the deeper spirit of the scene, as grander elements successively unfold themselves to your eye; and all such tawdry comparisons are forgotten. At the end of the first mile or two the Franconia range is full in sight, rising against the sky like a dark-blue wall with serrated top, cut deep down for the gate-way of the Notch somewhat to the left of the centre, curving away out of sight in a long, graceful sweep on the right, and buttressed by the huge bulk of Mount Lafayette on the left, its top covered with snow where it rises above the neighboring peaks. At this distance, and in this atmosphere, they have no apparent thickness or perspective, but seem a high, flat wall. As you get nearer, their foreshortened masses emerge from the haze—dimly at first, and finally substantial as ever in their unyielding granite and undying greenery.

Half the distance accomplished, you are in the village of Franconia, in the very centre of a circular valley where Nature displays her masterpieces. No color known to the human eye but is thrown about in amazing profusion—in lines, in masses, in curves, and in spirals—flecked, and blended, repeated, and alternated, and overlaid, with bewildering variation; for autumn is here, the Joseph of the seasons. Yet it is a gaiety that has always its sombre tinge in the feeling it awakens. There is somehow a confession of loss and a hint of swift-coming ruin on every tree, from the "water-wooding willows" that fringe the brook, to the maples that lift themselves above the ledges. The rumbling river, like other travelers, is hurrying away from the hills; there are broad trails of ashen whiteness where fires have swept up the mountainsides; and the stones of these mighty altars are splashed with the summer's sacrifice.

You may see in the deepest gorge a belt of heavy evergreens; above that, a net-work of colored foliage and tangled sunlight; above that, the cultivated hill-top; beyond and above that, a higher hill with broader belts, adding one of white-stemmed birches; and, beyond and above all, a mountain with nothing visible but the stunted pines of its ragged beard, and the bald granite of its lofty head.

The inhabitants of this valley understand as well the gloom that is coming as the glory that is past. The city guests have all departed; and the landlords of the summer are turning into the lumbermen of the winter. They have boarded up many of the windows not absolutely necessary for light, have cut and piled great quantities of fuel, and are busily storing the cellars for the siege that will not be raised until April. Far up on the slopes of the outliers are little houses surrounded by cleared farms whose brown fields sun themselves mournfully, as if for the last time; and about them are sheep and cattle, picking away with their old patience among the stubble and around the boulders—gleaning, I fear, after a scantier harvest and less generous reapers than ripened and wrought in the field of Boaz.—*Rossiter Johnson.*

IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

"Poor Ivan Tourguenoff, the Russian novelist," writes M. Burty, the literary editor of *La Presse*, "has been stricken by a number of the most cruel blows of Fate in the last few

months. I saw him yesterday afternoon at his villa, and was shocked at the marked change which his appearance had undergone in the last twelvemonth. He is a mere shadow of his former self: the form is bent, the frame greatly emaciated, the hair entirely white, the glance, once as keen as that of an eagle, dimmed and lustreless, and the whole appearance that of a broken-down old man.

"You have heard of my misfortunes," he said, as he pressed my hand, with tears in his eyes. "I have oftentimes depicted human sorrows in my books; but, of all my most afflicted heroes and heroines, none had to pass through the same ordeal as I. Utterly alone I stand now—childless, an exile."

"Here his voice gave way. I had not the heart to speak. And what could I have said to one who, since last New-Year's day, lost his wife, his only, idolized daughter, Léonie, a child almost too bright to live long—who has yearned to return to Russia, and has been refused by a government which pretends to be the most liberal that ever existed in that northern country, yet which maintains nearly all the worst severities of the cruel and imperious Nicholas. . . . Then, another terrible blow came, the failure of his Parisian banker, which swept away nearly every sou which the great soul-painter called his own, and which left him only his villa at Baden-Baden, and a few hundred francs a year. . . . And add to this, finally, the misconduct of his nephew, for whom Tourguenoff did every thing, and who rewarded him for his devotion and his sacrifices by committing the worst felonies, which have sent him to the Belgian state-prison for a long term of years! . . .

"I tried to change the subject of the conversation, and began to speak about his present literary labors. He saw my intention, and thanked me by a smile and a warm pressure of the hand.

"I am doing very little," he said, with an effort to regain his composure; "but I find that I draw my characters in too sombre colors. The novelist is, after all, only a painter of his own heart. If darkness reigns there, he will surely paint also in gloomy hues. The critics have always found fault with my books for their sombre background. My friend Meyerbeer once called me, laughingly, 'The Bertram of romantics.'"

"What will be the subject of your new book?" I ventured to ask.

"I will tell you," he answered, readily. "It will not be like those I wrote before, in this respect: I have chosen an historical background. I shall give only facts that have come to my personal knowledge, and which even Hertzien did not venture to publish. Historical facts, damning facts," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, and his eyes flashing fire; "I know the fiercest anathemas will be hurled at my head; but what worse can they do to me?"

"M. Tourguenoff," I said, "you have undergone great sufferings and sustained incalculable losses. But you are by no means an old man—your magic pen will repair your pecuniary losses; time will heal the afflictions of the heart. Think of Walter Scott, and what he accomplished. Think, also, of our poor friend Dumas, who, I believe, was happiest when he had lost all his money."

"It is not that," said Tourguenoff, gravely. "I have sufficient to satisfy my wants. But my cousin has a large family of excellent children. I was desirous of giving them the best possible education, and I am afraid I shall be unable to do so. . . ."

"I saw that the great man was not inclined to talk, and so I turned to go. What alarmed me most about him was that he did not ask me a single question about his numerous friends in Paris—not even about Octave Feuillet, to whom he has been so tenderly attached for the past twenty years."—*La Presse.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE question was recently discussed, in our hearing, whether the judgment of professors in any art in regard to that art is as trustworthy as the opinion of connoisseurs or instructed laymen. It was boldly advanced, on one side, that the opinion of unprofessional people is, as a whole, more accurate; while the opposition argument maintained that, inasmuch as professors give their lifetime to the study of their art or profession, they must necessarily know more about it. It was admitted that this is the common-sense view of the subject, one that a person would assume to be correct if his experience and observation did not show him the contrary. The reasons given were as follows: That the judgment of professional people in matters pertaining to their own art is apt to be warped by prejudice or envy, to be influenced by preconceived theories, to arise from certain fixed and dogmatic rules; while, on the contrary, the opinion of the connoisseur is not governed by envy, is more free from the authority of the schools, is less apt to be influenced by settled and rigid theories. It was retorted that connoisseurs are also full of prejudices, wedded to theories, and governed by early education and impressions. It was admitted that this is true of partisans, of those who identify themselves with factions, but that the larger class of well-informed people, who watch the career of an art without committing themselves to definite theories, are those whose judgments are the most valuable.

As in almost all discussions, the truth, we imagine, occupies a middle ground. In so far as the opinion of a professor is concerned with the *technique*, the execution, the handling according to established usage, his special training ought to give his assertions weight over all others, assuming that neither prejudices nor any unworthy feeling animates him. But when the opinion is uttered upon new methods, upon departures from old rules, then we imagine the judgment of an instructed layman is more likely to be correct. Take, for instance, Wagner's "Music of the Future." We find musical people divided into zealous and passionate factions in regard to the innovations and theories of this great composer. There are some who fiercely assail and others who fiercely defend him; no question in music ever aroused feelings so intense, or created a warfare so bitter. Obviously, the truth of the matter, so far as it can be ascertained at all, must be sought for among those who, having a knowledge of music, and free from partisanship, are capable of weighing the matter judicially.

Take another instance among the painters—the pre-Raphaelites and their opponents. Every painter is necessarily committed to one or the other of these schools; his opinion is expressed in the selection of his method,

and hence need not be asked for. To get at the merits of the issue involved, we must consult those who are familiar with the theory of the pre-Raphaelites and the academic methods of their opponents, who are acquainted with each school, but the partisan of neither. Even in *technique* the judgment of a painter is often open to suspicion. His temperament and his education have both, we will suppose, made him a nice and microscopic delineator; this talent for the accurate and the finished is so strengthened by practice that he becomes in time quite incapable of appreciating the broad and massive effects of another class of painters; or he may have originally a rich and Oriental passion for color, which by ceaseless cultivation comes so to dominate his whole artistic being that every other painter seems cold and weak in this particular. A special faculty has become so abnormally developed, that his judgment ceases to be sound. Notwithstanding these supposititious cases, however, the opinion of painters on mere execution is commonly trustworthy—it is mainly when the question before them is one that opposes the whole tenor of their education, that we must not hope for true perception or wise predictions.

If we bring the poets and critics into court, we find similar evidence. What are we to think of Byron laughing at Wordsworth, claiming for Pope the first place in English poetry, and placing Crabbe by the side of Coleridge? We know that Goldsmith did not like Thomson, that Wordsworth deprecated Campbell, that Bulwer sneered at Tennyson, that an expert like Jeffrey ridiculed Byron's "Hours of Idleness," and declared that Keats wrote "drivelings of idiocy." How often do we find the great public entirely reversing the estimates of contemporaries! When Poe's "Bells" first appeared, his friends thought him mad. When Longfellow's "Hiawatha" was published, it was overwhelmed with adverse criticism. We may, nevertheless, trust the average judgment of poets and critics; but when something opposed to their preconceptions appears, we then will find a safer guide in the unprofessional mind.

If we extend our observation beyond the arts, we will discover that the rule is almost universal—people educated or trained in specialties are the last to be trusted in regard to innovations in their particular line of experience. The history of education gives many signal illustrations of this fact—there has been, indeed, a ceaseless warfare, not yet terminated, between the schools and laymen, in which the latter have for the most part proved the accuracy of their judgments. Reforms in the army and navy have always been brought about in direct opposition to those whose position gave them the best opportunity to know the working of old methods. Just as no old physician would accept Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood, no commander of mature

experience has been willing to believe in changes of tactics or in new devices of warfare. The sea-captains were almost united in deriding the idea of steam on the ocean, and the substitution of iron for wood in the construction of ships. The electricians, as a class, did not believe in the practicability of the ocean-cable. Politicians and men of business, who would be supposed most naturally to know all about the laws of trade and affairs, derive their sole knowledge of the principles that determine the wealth of nations from a philosopher who was entirely without practical experience. At the beginning of the rebellion, when gold began to go up in price, there were many predictions by the financiers, scarcely one of which proved to be true. Financiers, of course, ought to know, and do know, their own business; but their business rarely includes a grasp of all the conditions that enter into trade and monetary affairs, while their fixed theories are incapable of adaptation to new and disturbing elements.

All the trades exhibit the working of the same rule. Those best informed and most concerned are the very ones to resist every new machine calculated to abridge labor. The very thoroughness of their knowledge and largeness of their experience, are apt to give them over-confidence in the advantages of established methods, and prepare them to resist every kind of innovation. It has been our fortune—as, no doubt, that of many of our readers—to see numerous instances of the obstinate rejection of new devices by those specially concerned, which, even when their utility has been proved, have been most reluctantly accepted.

The distinction in our argument should not be lost sight of. In a hundred matters, relating simply to the execution of a thing according to established usage, no one, as a rule, can judge so accurately as a professional; when the issue involves a new project, a new method, a divergence in a fresh direction, then a "looker-on in Vienna" may be enabled to form the most trustworthy judgment.

— In whatever way we regard the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance—whether we look upon it from the point of view of entire sympathizers with its immediate aims, or follow its proceedings with the perhaps equal interest of students of social advancement—it inevitably presents itself as one of those marked opportunities which are now and then afforded us, for observing and noting most clearly the direction in which the spirit of the time is tending. Just as particular arrangements of material objects now and then enable the physical observer to see for a moment intelligently proved or disproved the theories he has been pondering; so the coming together of a great number of minds, whose workings may fairly be taken as an index of the workings of the forces of thought

about them, allows the observer of human and social phenomena to determine almost with exactness whether his hopes have been justified, or his fears have been reasonable and unexaggerated.

In this instance the results of observation seem to us to be, with hardly an exception, most cheering and full of encouragement; the movement, now so easily traceable, seems to have been all toward the side of progress. We saw met together a multitude of men, who, in times past, and up to the last opportunity we had of judging their opinions collectively, had occupied much of their time in advocating, with a sincerity and zeal which we will not question, the doctrines of particular sects, at the same time that they preached the essential unity of Christian belief. In all previous discussions these two divided aims have produced decided conflict—at first bitter and unrelenting, then diminishing, but never entirely banished until now. Never was better opportunity presented of noting at a glance the rapid giving way of sectarian barriers, than is afforded in the comparison of this Christian Congress with its predecessors.

This, though the first index of the liberality of spirit that has been gained, has rather to do with the relations of Christians among themselves, than with the relation of Christianity to the human race at large. It was with regard to this latter relation that the meeting of the Alliance, unwittingly, perhaps, but very clearly, gave us the most cheering outlook of all. Through all the addresses and expressed opinions of the assembled body, there were unmistakable indications of a tendency to rid the great religion of all that false machinery by which, in direct contrast to the teachings of its founder, it has been made to seem dependent on mere dogma for support—to lean upon its traditions as one leans upon a staff, instead of wearing them about it as one wears an adorning mantle. Disregarding its inherent greatness, men have compassed about and endeavored to prop up their religion by creations of their own; instead of allowing it to help humanity, they have employed all human forces in helping it. We are sanguine enough to believe the time is with us when this mistake is seen—even if dimly as yet. The days have been when theologians thought they had surrendered every thing, when they surrendered the slightest tenet of their own little sect; but they gave that narrowness up, and found that, after all, they still had Christianity left, whole and unimpaired; in later days they fancied that all was gone, when science cleared away certain of the theories of the schools; but still they found, to their surprise, the real religion untouched. And now it seems that the time is here, when they are discovering that Christianity, as a religious belief—that its great higher code and its real essence—have to do with more than mere dogmatism—

nothing to do with disputations—nothing with the narrower formulated creeds—but with the welfare of humanity in a different and a better way.

An apparently growing consciousness of this is what we have been able to trace through the many able and clear expressions of opinion given by members of the Alliance during this, its latest meeting. Of the character of what was said, of the generally admirable spirit that pervaded discussion and oratory, we will not here speak in detail. There were events almost phenomenal connected with this remarkable session—the letter from the Old Catholics, the expressions of members in regard to those outside opinions which had been before ignored, and many things more that cannot even be referred to in a passing comment. And there have been features on which words of less approval might be said.

But the leading characteristic of the assembly was clearly shown; and it is the hopeful one that we have tried to depict. Charity, liberal thought, clear understanding, and humanity—these have gained. Narrow theologies, mere dogmatism, ecclesiastical supremacy over men's opinions, narrowness in every form—these, we think, have been the losers, by this gathering of leaders in the Christian Church.

— There is a perpetual struggle going on in England between the lovers and the would-be iconoclasts of ancient edifices. The latter have not yet succeeded in pulling down Temple Bar, or clearing away the gloomily historical dungeon of Newgate; but they are privileged to rejoice over the demolition of Northumberland House, and the disappearance of Chaucer's quaint old Tabard Inn. Some utilitarian individuals, who have as well an aesthetic turn, are now clamoring to have the beautiful ruin of Kirkstall Abbey, which stands by the railway about a mile west of Leeds, repaired and converted into a modern church; whereupon the disciples of Mr. Ruskin are crying out very loudly against such a desecration of the historical monument, as well as of a most beautiful and picturesque ruin. Kirkstall is only surpassed by Tintern and Melrose; its Gothic remnants are exquisite, and no one can see them without admiring their extreme architectural beauty and symmetry; and it is to be hoped that they may remain as they are, an adornment to the landscape, and a spot still to be visited by the sentimental in historic relics. A graver piece of vandalism, however, is proposed by one of the London papers. It is suggested that Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, which rises from a grove of trees on the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite to the Parliament Houses, should be torn down, Lollard Tower, antique library, rambling old wings, and all. It is quite true that Lambeth is one of the

most strangely incongruous and unsymmetrical of London edifices, and that it forms a far from commodious residence for the chief hierarch of the establishment. It stands in a spacious garden, surrounded by high walls, which, on one side, border upon the ruin itself, with most pleasant avenues, copes of foliage, and flower-beds; but in the midst of a quarter than which there is not a gloomier, dirtier, or more wholly unprepossessing in London. The chief object which greets the archbishop's eye, as he looks from his turrets westward, is the great square edifice, surmounted by a cupola, of Bethlehem Hospital, called in vulgar parlance "Bedlam;" while all around him are rickety, squalid, swarming streets, with here and there a doubtful relief in some brewery or smoke-emitting factory. With all its ugliness, however, Lambeth, especially as viewed from the penny steamboats, or from the Thames embankment, is unquestionably picturesque. Its venerable age is betrayed by its dull color and its tottering condition; the famous Lollard's Tower rises grim and rude above the rest of the palace, which has altogether the appearance of a castle, with its battlements, square turrets, and its high stone portal and massive gate which admit one to the courtyard, graced by a green lawn and dainty shrubbery. The "hall," built by Archbishop Juxon of the second Charles's time, is a fine specimen of the Gothic style, rich with archiepiscopal heraldries, a heavy brown oak roof, paneled walls, a shining, smooth, oaken floor, and portraits of Chicheley, Bancroft, and other prelates of the past; and the library is one of the coziest nooks, redolent of antiquity and centuries of study, to be found in England. The Lollard's Tower is, however, much the most interesting feature of Lambeth; it is ascended by a dangerously uneven staircase, whose stones are worn by many feet, and in which are the gloomy and contracted cells where the obstinate earliest English "protesters" were confined, just under the archbishop's relentless eye. Here you find the implements, happily long since crusted with rust, of the old inquisitorial trials; and on the rude walls of the cells are still visible the rough inscriptions of the unlucky followers of Wickliffe—sometimes a name still famous in the annals of the early martyrs, sometimes a pious sentiment, or Biblical quotation, sometimes a touchingly human lament, in quaint old expression, over misfortunes undeserved—and which the lapse of centuries has failed to wear away. It would surely be a pity to tear down so significant a memento of those who were the forerunners of the founders of what is now the prevailing religion of Englishmen, as well as of all the more progressive and enlightened countries; and, if Lambeth is unfit as a residence for the archbishop, it is easy for him, with his income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, to live in very tolerable style somewhere else.

— Never was there a more amusing instance of the vicissitudes of royal life, or the unexpected good fortune which is sometimes lying in wait for the humble, than the career of a Spanish gentleman who has just departed this life. Señor Muñoz began to cope with the world as a poor but exceedingly well-formed and handsome-featured Castilian peasant, who enlisted as a private in the army, and was consigned, owing to his goodly inches, to the corps of the royal body-guard. His rapid elevation from the ranks to the successive grades of line- and field-officer, and finally to the height of a don and a duke, was owing to the caprice of Queen Christina, who fell in love with him. Poor old Ferdinand VII. was hardly cold in his sarcophagus, his tyrannies and petticoat-embroidering for wax Madonnas done with forever, before his widow, a proud Neapolitan princess, proposed marriage to the stalwart sentinel. Muñoz was not such a fool as to decline; and so one of the most ignorant though comely personages in all Spain became step-father of the reigning Queen Isabella, and Duke of Rianzares; lived luxuriously in a palace, and derived heavy revenues from broad lands given to him by his doting spouse—who was some years his senior—in Southern Spain, and lorded it over the proudest Castilian nobles, the Medina Celiis among the rest. It was the freak of King Cophetua reversed; but it may be at least said for the lucky Muñoz that he minded his own business, and did not, as successful Spanish adventurers have usually an unhappy knack of doing, do his best to ruin his country.

— Mr. DeForest, in his political novel, "Honest John Vane," now in course of publication in the *Atlantic*, asks, "Is the golden calf of lobbyism to be the directing deity of our politics forever?" We reply, Yes!—unless the public mind comes to perceive wherein the remedy and the prevention lie. We don't mean in this to echo the common and very idle parlance—"elect good men to office;" the character and the career of Honest John Vane, in the novel we have referred to, show how impossible this task would be; for the public would not only have to know what a man's antecedents have been, but also to foresee what he would do under extraordinary temptation; and we imagine the public will never attain to that amazing state of wisdom. Not only will lobbyism maintain its present power, but its control over affairs will increase; it will become absolute master of our legislators; it will dictate the whole policy of the government; it will do all this because the interests with which it is concerned are developing continually, and the wealth concerned in special legislation is rapidly accumulating into something enormous. Within the past few years we have seen what a power the railroads are at Washington and in every State capital. What will they be ten years or twenty years hence? Where, then, it is asked, is the remedy? How is this new monarch, Lobbyism, to be dethroned? According to our judgment, the sole hope lies in a rigid limitation of government to as few functions as possible; to the adoption of fixed principles against special legislation; in the general ac-

ceptance of the theory that government has solely to preserve the peace and maintain justice, leaving all projects soever—of railroads, of canals, of science, of the arts, of education, of commerce, of manufactures—to the individual energies of the people. We have in previous articles pointed out how, in the ever-multiplying interests of commerce and trade, the time would come when no government could possibly understand or master them, and that by necessity Congress would be compelled to abandon legislation on hundreds of subjects, or more conspicuously than ever pass under the control of interested persons. What we are saying will be acknowledged by-and-by. Meanwhile, the people will denounce corrupt legislation; clamor for "honest men in office;" and, while struggling to escape the folds of this new dragon, Lobbyism, remain as hitherto, helpless in its power.

— Our comments recently upon the rendition of *Othello* by the great Italian actor Salvini, in which we expressed our preference for Forrest's performance of this part, has elicited from a friend an anecdote bearing upon the question with no little significance. When the great English actor Macready first came to this country, before enmity had arisen between him and his American rival, he expressed himself in regard to Forrest's personation of the *Moor* as follows: "If Mr. Forrest had lived in the time of Shakespeare, and had gone to the great dramatist, asking him to write a play in which the leading character should suit his talents and temperament, Shakespeare, in just perception of the grand genius of the actor, would have written—'Othello!'" Nothing could better express the identity of the actor and the character than this. But, unfortunately, Macready had not seen the "panther-like" Salvini in the part, nor perhaps any other gesture-making Italian; and, further, he was an Englishman, who, Heaven save the mark! could not possibly know anything about the matter. Was there ever a time when, in the estimation of an Anglo-Saxon public, a foreigner did not understand every thing on the earth, or in the heavens above the earth, better than a native could?

Correspondence.

Jagannath.

To the Editor of *Appleton's Journal*.

SIR: The proper name of our old acquaintance, "Juggernaut," or "Juggernaut," is asked for in *APPLETON'S JOURNAL* (October, page 448), where we find the forms "Juggernaut," "Jaganath," "Jaggannath," "Jugger-nath," "Jugaunath."

The more recent spelling is "Jagannath," with English *J*, the first and second *a* like *ə* in *bat*, the third *a* as in *arm*. Each *a* is pronounced; *t* are separate letters, as in *pot-hook*. The *a* of *arm* and *father* is apt to fall into *aw* with English speakers, which accounts for the common pronunciation. The word is Hindostanee, from Sanscrit, and means "Lord of the World." It is compounded of *jagat* (*jug-ut*), "the world," and *adbh*, "lord," the *t* of the former becoming *n* before a following *a*, as *ad* becomes *an* in annex, for *adnex*.

S. S. HALDEMAN.

Art Notes.

— AFTER nearly five years of labor, Mr. Page has so far completed his face of Shakespeare as to consider it fit to be cast. This face, which, as is well known, he has modeled from photographs of the supposed mask of Shakespeare taken after death, and recently found in Germany, is colossal in size, being about three feet high, and is executed in plaster. A few weeks ago Mr. Page, not liking to trust the result of so much thought and labor out of his studio, made a mould of it himself, but, from the roughness of the surface of the original, he was obliged to break the mould in removing it from the cast, and consequently, when another is made, the whole process of moulding must be repeated. It is not known what will be done with this cast, but we understand that a scheme is in contemplation to make a colossal statue of Shakespeare, using this face. Mr. Page is particularly well qualified, from his great experience of facial anatomy, to judge from internal evidence, even if there were no other, of the authenticity of the German mask, by comparing it with the well-known Chandos portrait and the Stratford bust, both of which he pronounces to be poor likenesses of it, because, while *all* the general proportions and qualities are the same in the three, it is in the mask alone that the peculiarities are carried out to a reproduction of a live face.

The four paintings made from the cast at different stages of its completion, as we have before mentioned in the *JOURNAL*, are very beautiful, but the finished plaster-portrait, as it is at present, is much finer than either of them, and it is a source of satisfaction that it is now duplicated, and so far placed beyond the danger of accidental destruction.

The recent death of Sir Edwin Landseer, the great English painter of animals, has called forth some unfavorable criticism upon him by artistic amateurs imbued with the realistic notions which prevail in the French schools. The objection is made to his graceful, refined, and poetical pictures that they do not represent animals as they really are, but rather animals with human characteristics, and expressing human emotions. There is some truth in this; but it is not the whole truth. No one has painted animals with more fidelity to Nature, or studied their forms and qualities more carefully, or represented them with greater accuracy, than Landseer. His portraits of dogs are acknowledged masterpieces. And yet in many of his pictures he has undoubtedly sought to elevate the brute creation, and to give the subjects of his art additional interest by endowing them, apparently, with feelings similar to our own, and by placing them in dramatic situations and in circumstances where they seem to exhibit a human sense of humor. But in this we think consists his great merit; and it is unquestionably these characteristics that have given his pictures their singular charm and their immense popularity. The Swedenborgians believe that every animal represents and expresses some quality or condition of the soul of man; and, whether this belief be true or false, it is certain that we sympathize most with animals when they exhibit feelings like our own, and when they share, or seem to share, our joys and sorrows, our passions, or our prejudices. Landseer's animals are not strong with the bones and muscles and fur of Rosa Bonheur's cattle; nor do his deer really sniff the breeze like her bulls and heifers on the heather; but, though his dogs and sheep may lack somewhat in vitality, we fancy no

one has brought the soft sheepiness of the "sheep in woolly fold" nearer to the heart and perception of man; nor has the hardy life of the watchful, restless shepherd-dog, with his rough hide, been better delineated than in Landseer's Scotch pictures. We would like to have every one write with the pen of Thackeray, and Balzac, and George Eliot; but the claim to art cannot be withheld from the people and scenes subjected to Scott's or Bulwer's alchemy. As a colorist, Landseer certainly cannot be said to have any status; color is not often a strong point with English artists; but we fancy it will be a long time before his graceful deer, his wild cattle, or his truly canine dogs, can be entirely superseded among people by whom the sentiment and idea of a picture are prized as among its constituent charms.

A writer, who is describing in the *Athenaeum* the private galleries of England, has found at Gateshead a Turner, of which he speaks as follows: "No drawing here surpasses the famous 'Llanrwst,' by Turner. The effect is that of delicately-veiled, misty sunlight. A river—the Conway—flows in a flat at the bases of hills on our left; women are grouped on a sandy spit, and busily washing linen; a body of old buildings are on our right, with beautifully-drawn and most tastefully-disposed clump of trees standing nearly in the mid-distance, and shadowing a small church-yard. Notice the exquisite painting of the old wall on our right, with all its multifarious colors, the marvelous precision of touch employed on it, its perfect keeping and admirable tone. The employment of gray in this element of the picture is noteworthy, even where that triumph of feeling for color is abundantly, almost universally, displayed. But no part of the work has a charm equal to that of the films of water which seem to slide on and over the surface of the river; contrast the color of the shadows of the clump of trees and that of the reflections of the same clump on this water; the local color of the distance is one of the loveliest studies we know—observe how delicately modeled are the dense white vapors which rise and fill the hollows of the distant hills, masses of vapor which are themselves veiled in the golden mist pervading the whole picture. Among the finest elements of this most delicious work are the drawing and shortening of the margins of the river as they recede from the eye. In these there is enough to prove the enormous knowledge and the unparalleled skill of Turner; if he had done nothing else than this, or this work of his alone survived its thousand fellows, it would suffice to justify all that has been said and written on his powers in these respects."

It can hardly be said with truth, in the cases of Mr. Bradford and Mr. Perry, that prophets are not without honor save in their own country and among their own people, since the popularity of the latter artist is well known. But persons who deplore the emigration of so many valuable Americans to Europe cannot wonder that they go, when such facts as these come to their knowledge. Mr. Perry's pictures—*genre* paintings of old American life and customs, of which we gave an account some time ago in these pages—have not always met with appreciation in New York, but we learn, without surprise, that those he took with him to Europe in the spring have sold for more than double in gold what he asked for them here in currency; and, though Mr. Bradford has made many paintings for Americans, it has been known for some years that he had a great market for them, and very high prices, in Lon-

don. Now, we understand, his pecuniary success is so great abroad that he is going to make England permanently his residence.

Is it not strange that our people are willing to buy so readily poor pictures sent to us from Europe, while we let the valuable elements of our own intellectual art-life be gradually absorbed on the other side of the ocean by art-collectors trained by long experience to appreciate worth?

Just before the death of Sir Edwin Landseer, a correspondent wrote to the London *Athenaeum* as follows: "To your list of our distinguished English artists who have practised scene-painting should be added the name of Sir Edwin Landseer. I have myself seen in the theatre at Woburn Abbey a scene painted by him. In the time of the late John, Duke of Bedford, private theatricals were much in vogue at Woburn, and Sir Edwin was then a frequent and honored visitor; and on one of these occasions he painted the scene in question, which represents the interior of a room opening in the centre on to a terrace or balcony. In the door-way stands a lady's dog, marvelously touched, in a listening attitude, with one of the fore-paws uplifted, exhibiting, in a striking degree, all the artist's wondrous power even in the coarse and hasty manner incidental to the scene-painter's art."

An English journal thinks there is "something very like impiety in the erection of a window to the memory of William Wallace at Paisley, in which he is represented as Samson after his conflict with the Philistines, uttering thanks to the God of battles—'Thou hast given this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant.' We do not remember," it says, "to have seen many examples of this kind of histrionic monument out of Scotland. In Glasgow Cathedral, Edward Irving's window represents him as St. John the Baptist. In Westminster Abbey, by a kind of reverse process, Gideon, David, Joshua, and other Israelites, are represented as mediæval knights, and a brass on the floor of the north aisle puts a half-pay colonel and his widow into plate-armor and a wimple."

Holman Hunt's picture of "The Shadow of Death," upon which the artist has been engaged during the last four years, three of which were spent in Jerusalem, is to be exhibited in London in November. The work is described as the largest and by far the most remarkable which the distinguished artist has hitherto produced. It will be engraved.

Music and the Drama.

BUT one new play has been produced this season in New York that merits attention, and that is "The Geneva Cross," at the Union-Square Theatre. There is a unity in the design and a symmetry in the construction of this drama that would indicate, judging by past experience of our original plays, a foreign source. But the author, Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, claims, we are informed, that the play is not an adaptation. We are glad of it. But as Mr. Rowe can exhibit so much skill in a play based upon foreign scenes, we shall expect him to maintain his reputation in a drama of American life and character; and we shall not make haste to hail him as the long-sought-for native dramatist until he shows us his handiwork in this direction.

"The Geneva Cross" is based upon the late Franco-Prussian War. *Riel du Bourg*, a

workman in a French manufactory of fire-arms, is evidently superior to his position; his youth, his manners, his intelligence, attract the attention and win the affections of *Gabrielle*, the proprietor's daughter. *Riel* reciprocates; and, by purchasing a partnership in the factory, obtains the sanction of the father to his marriage with *Gabrielle*. But soon thereafter the war breaks out. *Riel* is a Prussian, of rank in his native country, and had been studying French methods of fire-arm manufacture in the German interest. His nativity is unknown to his wife—a weak point in the story; he cannot consent to bear arms against his native country, nor will he against the land of his wife. He compromises by adopting the Geneva Cross, and devoting himself to the care of the wounded. But his nativity is discovered; he is arrested as a Prussian spy; his wife and her father are also seized and condemned to death for harboring him; all is about to end tragically, when a successful assault of the Prussians changes matters, and brings the play to a melodramatic but happy ending. The story is told in a succession of well-knit scenes; in construction, the play meets all the requirement of art. There are some good situations—especially the one where *Gabrielle* first discovers that *Riel* is a Prussian, and suspects that he is a spy. The play is put on the stage exceedingly well, with good, effective scenery, that does not overwhelm the actors; and, as a whole, is well acted. Miss Eyttinge as *Gabrielle*, and Mr. Thorne as *Riel*, are good as acting goes. We like them very well indeed in the quiet scenes, but in the passionate ones they almost spoil every thing by being declamatory and theatrical, instead of genuinely in earnest.

The story of Tamberlik's long and honored career is familiar to every reader of musical biography; and his appearance at the Grand-Opera House recently was looked for with more eagerness than that of any of the artists who have been announced for the season. His name has been associated with the most famous lyric artists of Europe for twenty years and more, and he has reigned, during this time, almost without a rival in his peculiar school. To those whose interest in the man had been excited by the romance of his career, and who were prepared to hear a voice that had lost its freshness, his success in "Polliuto" must have given no little pleasure. The vividness and finish of his acting; the noble character of his style; and the vocalization, which still preserves so much of the charm of his singing, could but afford surprise and pleasure. His school is of the heroic order, and he treats his subject with a free, earnest dignity that cannot be surpassed. The sweetness of his voice, however, has barely survived the long years of constant service. But, though his power is declining, his organ still possesses rare quality, and is sustained by great beauty of method. Lucca, who opened with him, was never more impassioned, or in a firmer voice, than on this occasion. She was prodigal with the riches of her voice; and added feat after feat of amazing power, never seeming to reach a point that tasked her. Her voice has gained in body, and was displayed to great advantage in this opera, which contains little opportunity for others than the tenor and soprano. At all events, the new basso and baritone were hardly successful, to say the least, in using what was theirs. The troupe at the Grand-Opera House may be said to consist of two sopranos and one tenor. Who-ever looks to the chorus and orchestra for his enjoyment, may be warned that he will find little to satisfy his taste or ear.

Following "Poliuto" at this house, we had "La Sonnambula," with Mme. Ilma di Muraska, a Hungarian artist, as *Amina*. In point of richness of tone and delicacy of utterance, her singing of this florid part was unique. Since La Grange, we have heard nothing like the marvelous vocalization with which she gave the *bravura*, "Ah non giunga."

"Antony and Cleopatra" has been produced at the Drury Lane, "arranged and adapted for representation by Andrew Halliday," with great splendor of scenery. "The question," says the *Athenaeum*, "whether it is expedient to adapt Shakespeare to popular taste, and to use his works as a subject for spectacular display, has long been answered in the affirmative. A score of playwrights, from Dryden and Davenant to Garrick, have tagged, hacked, or mangled Shakespeare's verses, and successful managers, since the invention of scenery, have sought to make amends for the absence of histrionic talent by splendor of spectacular adornment. It is 'too late a week,' accordingly, to censure an experiment such as has been made by Messrs. Halliday and Chattoxton in the production of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' The latter has gone beyond all his predecessors in the taste as well as the splendor of the decorations he has supplied, and the former has treated the text with a reverence altogether unprecedented. Such views as those of Cleopatra's barge, with which the first act closes, and the battle of Actium, which winds up the third, are marvels of ingenuity and taste. Other scenes, moreover, making less direct appeal to vulgar tastes, are not less admirable. The Roman and Egyptian interiors Mr. Beverly has designed are thoroughly delicate and artistic, and the view from the Temple of Isis transports without difficulty the imagination to the desert. . . . In giving precedence to the spectacular portion of the entertainment, we are following the example of the public as well as that of the management. During the first three acts, in which there is 'one halfpenny worth' of Shakespearean 'bread' to 'an intolerable deal of' scenic 'sack,' the delight of the audience with every thing set before it was unbounded. In the concluding act, which was wholly Shakespearean, there was a gradual cooling, and the verdict at the end, though favorable, was far less enthusiastic than it would have been could the play have ended with the fight at Actium. . . . Mr. Halliday has displayed judgment in the arrangement of the text, and has taken no unpardonable liberties."

We glean from foreign journals the following items in regard to musical matters: The complete success of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company in the provinces is announced in the London papers. . . . "La Jolie Parfumeuse," the new opera by Offenbach, will be produced at the Renaissance, in Paris. . . . Mdlle. Minnie Hauck is to appear at Venice in a new romantic comic opera entitled "Ines; or, The Queen's Pilgrimage." . . . The great Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth cannot be completed for want of funds. . . . Sir Julius Benedict has undertaken to write an opera for the Carl Rosa company. . . . A selection from the works of modern Italian composers will be produced in Paris this season under the direction of Strakosch. . . . Great preparations are making for the musical festivals at Bristol and Glasgow. There has been, says the *Athenaeum*, a kind of festival epidemic this autumn. The Bristol festival will open with the oratorio of "The Creation," and the Glasgow with "Elijah."

Literary Notes.

IN "Mind and Body," by Professor Alexander Bain, of the University of Edinburgh, we have the fourth volume of Messrs. Appleton & Co.'s "International Scientific Series." A briefer treatise than either of its predecessors, it is as well rounded and complete in its kind as they have been in theirs. The questions which it considers, naturally suggest themselves with the title; they are most concisely stated at the very opening of the book: "What has mind to do with brain-substance, white and gray? Can any facts or laws regarding the spirit of man be gained through a scrutiny of nerve-fibres and nerve-cells?" Truly, as Professor Bain says, with something of the cool-headed restraint of language that distinguishes the habitual logician, "the question . . . is highly relevant, and raises great issues." There could not well be greater ones; there could not well be a question which it would require more candor and bravery to face—more acute reasoning to follow out to that still further questioning which, in the present state of our knowledge, must be its inevitable end. Perhaps Professor Bain's method of dealing with it cannot be better shown than by indicating the subject-matter of his successive chapters. He devotes the first and shortest section to a statement of the question itself; the second chapter considers the connection of mind and body, bringing forward those facts which show, in the author's theory, that "the connection of mind and body is not occasional or partial, but thorough-going and complete." In the two following divisions, this connection is viewed as "correspondence, or concomitant variation," and such of its laws as may be considered proved are examined; the feelings and the will are treated from the point of view of the physical as well as the metaphysical observer. The fifth chapter contains a consideration of the intellect, and the sixth follows the question "How are Mind and Body united?" The seventh and concluding division of the book is devoted to a very complete historical review of the theories that have prevailed or have been proposed in all ages concerning the soul. The treatise is of that nature which makes it impossible to sketch, in the small compass of a passing notice, the logical steps of the author's argument, and, after pointing out the mere direction which it takes, we must refer the reader to the book itself. There could hardly be higher praise given to the essay, as a whole, than is involved in saying that it is written in the best spirit of that earnest and fearless truth-seeking which is the noblest characteristic of the higher scientific literature of our day; and this praise it thoroughly deserves. Bravely candid, and facing its great question squarely, the little volume will inspire respect in all minds, even outside the wide circle of those that are prepared to grant its premises and agree with its conclusions.

In the minds of most people, there is always recorded a special beatitude for those who write, collect, or in any fashion bring to us those rare boons—good fairy-tales. The Brothers Grimm, and Hans Andersen, and the rest—whose mind does not carry forward into mature life the thoughts his childhood gave these positive benefactors! Within the last three years we have had some capital children's literature, but we can never have enough. "Alice in Wonder Land," and "Through the Looking-glass" (immortal recorder of the Jabber-

wok lyric!), and "At the Back of the North-wind," and more books like these, form a library to which we are glad to welcome a new volume—not so entirely perfect, perhaps, but still admirable—bearing the title of "Northern Lights." It is a collection of stories from Swedish and Finnish authors, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, the interpreters of the "Schwartz" novels, and others. With the exception of the opening verses (which certainly cannot entertain a child, and must corrupt his education by teaching him halting metres, and such horrors as the rhyme of "broad" with "God"), the contents of the volume are most worthy of a good translation, and have received it. There is great freshness about the stories, and they have the true ring of the northern folktales. Some of them are particularly bright; the "Learned Boy" is one that we have found excellent. The collection will find a hearty welcome among parents and children, and deserves a place among those treasures of a mother—the books that can preserve quiet and interest always. (Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, publishers.)

"Ingraban" (the "Leisure-Hour Series" of Messrs. Holt & Co.) is the long-expected second volume of Gustav Freytag's series of half-historical novels called "Our Forefathers." In noticing "Ingo" some time ago, we indicated generally the character of what the German novelist had undertaken, and commented on the greatness of his task. In so doing we hardly anticipated the length of the intervals he proposed to allow between his scenes; and, now that we learn how extensive these are, the labor he has entered upon becomes sensibly lessened in our eyes. The time of the action of "Ingo" was, it will be remembered, A. D. 357; that in which "Ingraban" is laid is 734; with gaps of four hundred years or so, the series will not draw out to a very weary length. The plot of "Ingraban" has to do with the introduction of Christianity into Germany, or rather among the Germanic tribes; and the story largely turns upon incidents connected with this. We cannot avoid an impression of sameness and monotony of style as we read this book after "Ingo"; but we attribute no small portion of this effect to the translation, in which a certain mannerism is becoming apparent—a tendency to confine the variety of the German by using only a limited vocabulary of English words. Thus far the series disappoints the hope we had formed that Freytag would treat the past with the same skill with which he depicts the present; yet in the story itself we should not be disappointed if it came from an author less renowned, for it has many artistic traits, and is by no means dull, even though it does not excite the reader, or rouse any very strong personal interest in its characters.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw and other People" (Osgood & Co.) is a volume of good magazine stories and sketches, and the thrilling narrative which gives the book its title is worthy to be ranked among the excellent things of its kind; but, beyond the attraction of Mr. Aldrich's pleasant style and often amusing conceptions, there is nothing in the collection that is likely to excite more than a passing interest, and nothing especially deserving of this permanent form. "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski" is fresh from the pages of the *Atlantic*, and is still familiar to very many readers. The other stories (besides "Marjorie Daw") are "Miss Mehabet's Son," "Père Antoine," "A Rivermouth

Romance," and one or two more, with a few sketches, among which "A Young Desperado" is perhaps the best.

Mr. William Ellery Channing's "Thoreau" is less a biography, pure and simple, than what the Germans are fond of calling *eine biographische Studie*. Assuming almost too much general knowledge of the retired, withdrawing poet-naturalist, it studies the lessons and the traits of his life from the point of view of a most appreciative friendship; and, in a style almost too fragmentary, it sketches episodes from his mental as from his actual career. The book was probably written for a circle comparatively small; but, to those whose interest in that circle and its life is very deep, it will prove a most valuable memorial, and will bear the evidence of an intimate knowledge few were permitted to share.

Colonel Higginson's "Oldport Days" (Osgood & Co.) contains some very charming bits of essay-writing, and many things of more permanent value for the lovers of thoughtful words and pleasant studies of quiet but suggestive topics. Many of the papers included in the volume are republications of excellent magazine essays, and recall to the readers of the *Atlantic* some of its most attractive pages.

Scientific Notes.

THE recent article, commanding our efforts toward the establishment of an aquarium at Central Park, the *New-York Times* justly comments on the value of such an institution, both as a means of popular entertainment and instruction, and as an aid toward extending the field of scientific research. Already we have received, from those high in authority, every encouragement in our efforts, and we trust that the force of these appeals, and the manifest importance of the end to be attained, will attract the attention of those who have it in their power to give direct pecuniary aid to the public in this matter. So convincing are the arguments in favor of this scheme, and so much of pleasure and profit is promised by its accomplishment, that we cannot but rest confident that the appeal will meet with a ready response. Our rich men have built hospitals, endowed scholarships, and founded museums of art and science. Surely there is not wanting some one who will see in this movement an opportunity for public service which will reflect honor on himself, and bring pleasure and profit to thousands. Already we are late in this work, and New York owes it to her good name that we delay no longer. In the paper to which we have referred, the writer enforces our views as follows: "The establishment of aquaria in the chief seaport towns in various parts of the world, would be the means of extending our information upon aquatic animals more rapidly than any other means that could be devised. For, although exchanges of the inmates would take place, and thus afford room for new experiments in acclimatization, each country would have its specialties, and valuable comparisons would be made. It is found that aquatic animals really adapt themselves to the circumstances of their condition, and soon comport themselves in all respects the same as if they had been left in their first habitation. Their true habits and mode of life are thus brought immediately and constantly under the eye of the observer, and processes and functions become known which could not have been learned by any other way. Already very much has been by this means

added to our knowledge of the habits of the lower divisions of marine life, but the work is still in its infancy, and results, that may be within our reach, are probably not even anticipated. It is but fitting that New York should take her part, and be prepared to stand in all matters of this kind at least on an equality with other cities. We have every advantage which position can afford—close to fine rivers and the sea, in easy communication with the whole line of an eastern coast, and, moreover, possessing in the Central Park a spot specially adapted to the development of an enterprise of the kind upon the most perfect and comprehensive scale. It needs but the money. The men are on hand to carry out the work; the only conditions requisite are that time be not wasted till the services now promised shall have been lost, and that the design itself, when completed, shall be public property worthy of the city, and freely open at all reasonable times for the inspection and edification of the people."

A writer in the *Engineer*, in discussing the question as to whether it will be possible to run a locomotive-engine and train at the speed of one hundred miles an hour, presents the following interesting facts regarding the average rates of express-trains, past and present: In England, the average speed on the best mail-coach lines, in 1829 and 1830, was a little over ten miles an hour; in the following year this rate was advanced to thirty miles. At present the highest railway speeds in the world are attained on the Great Western Railway, England, which may be taken roundly at fifty miles an hour. Although it is said that Brunel once traveled from Swindon to London at the rate of eighty miles an hour, the writer expresses his belief that "we have never been able to obtain the shadow of a proof that this speed has been reached under any circumstances or at any time whatever on any railway." In one instance, a train on the Great Northern Railway, consisting of sixteen cars, drawn by one of Sterling's great outside-cylinder express-engines, running on a level or slightly-falling gradient, attained the unprecedented speed of seventy miles an hour. And the Yarmouth express, on the Great Eastern road, sometimes has reached the speed of sixty-four miles an hour down the Brentwood bank. In the United States, on the Boston and Albany road, the fifty-four miles between Springfield and Worcester were run by an engine with sixteen-inch cylinder, twenty-two-inch stroke, and six and one-half-inch drive-wheels in fifty-eight minutes. Much of this run was done at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour. In view of these facts, it is believed that on a first-class line a speed of sixty or seventy miles an hour may be available with safety, though a much higher velocity could not be attained without incurring enormous risks of derailment.

An English inventor has secured letters-patent for an incombustible paper, and fire-proof ink. Though the paper is not regarded as absolutely indestructible by fire of any degree of fierceness, it is yet claimed that under such circumstances as fires in houses, factories, or other buildings, it is "ordinarily incombustible." The pulp, which is manufactured in the usual way, is composed of vegetable fibre, one part; asbestos, two parts; borax, one-tenth part; and alum, two-tenths parts. These ingredients, having been previously ground and finely divided, are brought to the consistency of pulp by the addition of water in proper proportion. Not only can writing-paper be thus manufactured, but a coarser substance for

the bindings of books or the inclosing of manuscripts. The fire-proof ink can be used either in writing or printing, and is made according to the following receipt: Graphite, finely ground, twenty-two drachms; copal, or other resinous gum, twelve grains; sulphate of iron, two drachms; tincture of nut-galls, two drachms; and sulphate of indigo, eight drachms. These substances are thoroughly mixed and boiled in water, and the ink thus obtained is said to be both fire-proof and insoluble in water. When any other color but black is desired, the graphite is replaced by an earthy mineral pigment of the desired color.

At a recent meeting of the French Société d'Encouragement, a paper was read by M. Salvat, in which the writer gave the results of certain interesting experiments on the permeability of porcelain. By the aid of the methods here suggested, porcelain shades may be made to exhibit, by transmitted light, variously-colored designs and emblems. In illustration of his paper, "M. Salvat exhibited," says the *Mechanic*, "a piece of porcelain which had been in contact several days with a solution of fuchsine; at the base was an angular surface not enameled, and the liquid had gradually penetrated by this into the mass, and had deposited a considerable quantity of coloring-matter. The piece appeared white externally; but, looked through toward a lamp, it had a lively red color. This property, he thought, might be utilized for decoration of certain objects. The porosity of porcelain can be increased by admixture, with the paste, of siliceous matters, of which the porphyritization is not quite complete. Certain zones, which could afterward be masked by the mounting, might be left uncovered, and thus permit of imbibition. One might thus obtain objects in which the latent color would only appear in particular circumstances."

A French observer states that, by feeding silk-worms on vine-leaves, he has obtained worms of a magnificent red; and where lettuce-leaves were the food, the product was of a deep emerald-green color. By thus varying the food of the worm, M. Delidon de Saint-Gilles, of Vendée, has been enabled to obtain silk the natural colors of which were a beautiful yellow, green, and violet. In view of results so important, the question is at once suggested, Will the worms thrive upon this new diet? for, if so, then this discovery may justly be regarded as one of the greatest importance in this department of the applied arts. Should our native silk-growers be inclined to attempt the experiment, it is well for them to know that the silk-worms must be fed on mulberry-leaves when young, and supplied with the vine-lettuce or nettle-leaves during the last twenty days of the larva-stage of their life. It now only remains for some patient worker to compound an artificial food, which shall combine the nutritive properties of the mulberry-leaf with the coloring-power of the others, and thus at once dispense with the complicated and delicate dyeing processes now in use.

Sincerely as we regret the causes which compelled Dr. Joule to decline the presidency of the British Association, we unite with our brothers over the sea in commanding the address of Professor Williamson, Joule's successor, or rather substitute. It is not our province to present, even in brief, this valuable paper, since to condense would be of necessity to omit. To those who would learn all there is to know of the history of the atomic theory, and its bearing upon chemical science, we commend this communication as it appears in full

in *Nature* for September 18th. The same number contains the opening addresses of the presidents of the several sections, as follows: Section B, Chemical, W. J. Russell, F. R. S.; Section C, Geological, John Phillips; Section D, Biology, Professor Allman; Section G, Mechanical Science, W. H. Barlow, C. E., F. R. S.

Were there any additional argument needed in favor of a uniform system of international coinage, it might be found in the fact that there are now being received at the United States Assay-Office, in this city, *baubles* of clean-new sovereigns direct from the Bank of England. These are at once consigned to the crucible to be melted, refined, and recoin, the owners finding it to their interest to pay the government charges for this extra labor that they may obtain American coin, or bars bearing our stamp. With a uniform standard of weight and fineness, all this labor and the delay it entails might be avoided. Gold is gold, hence why should not civilized nations possess a standard and uniform coin that would represent a certain and constant value?

We learn from *Nature* that the engineers engaged in regulating the course of the river Elster, near the city of Leipsic, Germany, have come upon the remains of lacustrine dwellings. At a distance below the surface, and covered by a series of layers of earth of varied thickness, the workmen encountered a series of oak-piles, pointed below and decomposed above. Supported upon these posts were a number of oak-trunks, placed horizontally. In the immediate neighborhood, and at an equal depth, were found the lower jaws and teeth of oxen, fragments of antlers, broken bones of various mammals, shells of an anodon, fragments of pottery, two polished stone hatchets, etc., all telling the story of the simple life and final destruction of a prehistoric race.

The following definitions of terms used to designate the velocity of the wind will be found valuable for reference: Light air, 0.1 miles; light breeze, 5 miles; gentle breeze, 10 miles; moderate breeze, 15 miles; fresh breeze, 20 miles; strong breeze, 25 miles; moderate gale, 30 miles; fresh gale, 45 miles; strong gale, 50 miles; heavy gale, 70 miles; storm, 80 miles; hurricane, 100 miles and upward per hour.

It is stated that M. de Leaseps's scheme for a Russo-Indian railway is to have a fair trial, a thorough exploration of the proposed route having been undertaken. The French Academy are to be represented in this expedition by MM. Elie de Beaumont and Milne Edwards, while the son of M. de Leaseps is to start from Peshawar, and M. Cotard will proceed to Orenburg.

At the October meeting of the British Horticultural Society there was exhibited a gigantic fungus found growing upon some of the joists of the Bank of England. The largest piece of this fungus was more than six feet in circumference and seven inches in thickness; its weight was over thirty-two pounds. According to Mr. W. G. Smith, it is the *Polyporus annosus*, a plant peculiar to the *conifers*.

Professor Donati, director of the astronomical observatory in Florence, and discoverer of the comet which bears his name, died of cholera, in Vienna, on the 20th of September. On the 21st of the same month, Dr. Nélaton, the eminent French surgeon, died at Paris, at the age of sixty-six years.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 4, 1873.

- 2 Gray Squirrels (*Sciurus Carolinensis*). Presented by Mrs. S. J. Zabriskie.
- 1 Gray Squirrel (*Sciurus Carolinensis*). Presented by Miss Annie Clevenger.
- 2 Box Turtles (*Actode Virginea*). Presented by Master Percy H. Brown.
- 2 Fallow Deer (*Cervus dama*). Received in exchange from London Zoological Gardens.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

MANY anecdotes are now current in the Paris journals about the late Dr. Nélaton, court-surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon. One of them tells how the prince imperial once ran his horse against the wall at the riding-school, and severely bruised his leg. The contusion became gradually worse, and in a few days the prince was confined to his bed. Nélaton was sent for, and stated that an abscess had been formed, which must be opened. He prepared for the operation. The emperor was in the chamber in a nervous fever, and now walking up and down the room, stroking his mustache, then going to the window to beat a tattoo upon it with his fingers. His anxiety could be calmed for a moment only, and then he would rush to his son, pat him, embrace him, and lavish upon him his strong affection. As the doctor prepared to make the puncture, Napoleon caught his hand, and shuddered, as if the bistoury had been plunged into his own body. Nélaton pushed him brusquely away, and he went to the window again, but was immediately called back by a cry. Seeing that nothing but blood came from the wound, the emperor began to abuse the surgeon, and for a moment used some very strong language. "I did not go deep enough," said Nélaton, calmly; and he again prepared his knife. Once more the emperor caught his hand. "You prevent me from doing my duty, sire," said Nélaton, severely, once more pushing the emperor's hand aside, and in an instant plunged the bistoury into the abscess. A stream of pus flowed from the wound, and, with a gasp as of intense pain, the emperor seized the surgeon's arms. "There is yet something to be done," said Nélaton, tearing himself loose, and not very gently, and, with a stroke of the knife, he laid open the young prince's thigh. The emperor's eyes flashed with rage, and he looked as if ready to strike the surgeon dead at his feet, when the latter pointed to the pus, which was then flowing freely. Napoleon melted in a moment before this evidence, and, crying like a child, he warmly embraced the surgeon. The prince was saved, and Nélaton was adored by the court.

"What are called errors of the press," says the London *Graphic*, "are often enough more the fault of bad penmanship than of the printers; but, whoever may be to blame for these annoying mishaps, there can be little doubt that a collection of examples would make a curious volume. There seems even a sort of fatality about errata, for most people's experience will tell them that, if a word be omitted, it will very often happen to be one without which the whole sense of the passage is materially altered. Some one has said of a careless transcriber that he could hardly copy the Commandments 'without leaving some of the "nota" out.' It has lately been pointed out that, in a report of the Archbishop of York's sermon before the British Association, 'the post-laureate' is transformed into 'the post-office telegraph'; but this is hardly equal to the exquisite bathos of the printer who, having to quote Gay's well-known allusion to Martha and Teresa Blount as 'the fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown,' thought proper to spell the 'brown' with a capital B. Perhaps it is only fair to set against this the fact that Mr. Payne Collier assures us that one of the most admired lines in Shakespeare, 'He babbled o' green

fields,' in the description of Falstaff's death, is a mere blunder of the press, and that we ought to read, 'On a table o' green frieze.' Poets, however, probably suffer more than mere prose-writers from the accidents of typography, for in matter so delicate a point, or even the substitution of a figure for a letter, will sometimes do serious damage to a line. We once saw a quotation from the poet-laureate's verses on the Balaklava charge printed—

' Into the valley of death
Rode the 600.'

But, as this was in the columns of a Canadian newspaper, it is to be hoped that Mr. Tennyson was spared the sight of those offensive numerals."

A correspondent of the *Nation*, writing from Berlin, relates a couple of incidents which show that the reported alienation of the Emperor William from Prince Bismarck is purely fictitious. On the occasion of the unveiling of the monument of Victory, in the Thiergarten, September 2d, the generals saluted the emperor on his arrival, according to an old Prussian custom, by kissing his hand. When he had thus received the homage of his lieges, the emperor turned to Bismarck (who had just arrived from Varzin) and shook hands with him in the most marked manner, and with great cordiality. This act, in such a presence, was taken to mean, "I owe this day and this monument to you." That same day there was sent from the palace to the office of foreign affairs a casket containing the patent of Bismarck's princedom. The honor was long ago conferred, but the scroll is just completed. It consists of eighteen large sheets of parchment, elegantly bound together in book form, and inscribed with illuminated letters of most exquisite form and coloring, representing flowers, landscapes, figures, and every variety of artistic and allegorical design. The text recites the services for which Bismarck is raised to the rank of a prince of Prussia, and the estates, titles, and privileges, which this rank carries with it to him, his sons, and successors; and it empowers him to add to his coat-of-arms a portion of the royal eagle of Prussia. The *Wir Wilhelm* with which the patent opens is in the king's own hand, and the whole is tastefully encircled with silver cord and clasps, bearing the great royal seal. Within the casket the emperor inserted an envelope, on which he had written, "To Prince Bismarck, a diploma packet"—a pleasure which showed his good-will.

The evacuation of Verdun by the German army appears to have been a singularly dramatic and touching spectacle. The last parade of the foreign garrison is described by the correspondent of the London *Times* as having taken place in the front of a silent crowd of the French townsfolk, with a group of women, dressed in deep mourning, standing in front. The Germans stood with grave stolidity, moved with the mechanical order of their drill, and cheered in three great volleys of hurrahs for the "kaiser and king" at grim General Manteuffel's bidding; and then the bands, striking up the "March of Victory," infantry, artillery, Uhlians, and, last of all, the old veteran and his staff, turned their backs on France and their faces to Berlin, and marched. The last German files through the gate, and in an instant the silent town wakes, as it were, from the stupefaction of three years, with a thousand sounds of joy and life. In the twinkling of an eye the town is draped from cellar to chimney with bunting of red, white, and blue. The French regiment, which has been waiting outside the walls, then advances, with the whole population of ten thousand clinging to its ranks—"every eye moist, profound joy in every heart"—and three Alsatian girls, in national costume, pour out the wine of welcome to the officers, and the mayor receives the colonel at the gate, and the flag of France is run up atop of the fort, and the French sentry is once more posted on the wall.

In a paper read the other day before the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr. Waring, the eminent architect, puts forth his views "On the Laying out of Cities," a subject of the highest importance. The difference between cities of the present day and of the middle ages is great; but, as Mr. Waring contends, nothing like the difference that will prevail between cities of the present day and

those of the future. Of the three plans on which a city can be laid out, namely, the square, the parallelogram, and the circle, he prefers the circle, as offering most of beauty and convenience. In laying out a city, he would provide abundant open space, which, of course, means plenty of air; and he would have plenty of trees. The gardens should be in front of the houses, instead of the rear; thereby, the streets would look broad, and the houses would be quiet. And to every main street there should be a back-street, with access to every house; and along these back-streets all refuse should be carted. These are suggestions which might be applied to cities of the present, and Mr. Waring's paper abounds in matter valuable for all engaged in municipal management.

A story is told of an American skipper who entered the bay of Rio Janeiro recently flying a flag which was not recognized by the officers of Fort Santa Cruz. They accordingly ordered him to anchor immediately. Not understanding a word of Portuguese, the gentle captain just screamed out the name of his ship, and calmly sailed on. A blank shot fired at him failed to—in the language of Mr. Weller's beautiful ballad—"prevail on him to stop." But he was observed to seize his revolver and instantly fire six successive shots into the air. Then the fort and two shore batteries joined in a duel of solid shot; and when, at last, he reached quarantine still firing his revolver, his ship was in rather a dismantled condition. Then did the captain of the port appear and vigorously inquire why he didn't stop. The pleasing emotions of that officer may be imagined when the astonished skipper stated that he thought they were saluting the American flag, and that he was doing his best to respond to the compliment with his revolver.

A Paris correspondent of one of the London journals writes of a hatter, in the town of Limoges, who died lately at the age of one hundred and five. His name was Alainquetas, and he was born on the 2d of July, 1769, or about a fortnight before the first Napoleon. Louis XV. was then on the throne, and the Parliament, as now, was sitting at Versailles. "One can hardly imagine," says the correspondent, "a person who attained his majority before the Reign of Terror living in our time, having escaped all the wars of the empire and subsequent convulsions. Yet it is only a few months ago I had the pleasure of breakfasting with a descendant of the great Colbert, who remembered Robespierre. She informed me, in a half-whisper, that he was suspected of being a *révolutionnaire*, and looked cautiously round, as if afraid the ghost of the 'sea-green incorruptible' might rise up and protest."

The Paris papers relate the following: A clerk named Blaircourt was passing along the Canal Saint-Martin a few nights back at about eleven o'clock, when he was accosted by two individuals, one of whom said to him, "Sir, you are very fortunate to have a coat; I have none, the weather is getting cold, you must give me yours." "What! mine?" said the gentleman; "what am I to do?" "Just as you like about that," said the other, drawing out a long knife. There was nothing to be done but to hand over the coat. "That is not all," continued the man, "I must have your hat also." And, at the same time, his comrade said, "All resistance is useless, you must persevere that; therefore obey quickly. Close by is a cab-stand, where you can get a vehicle and return home." One could almost consent to be robbed occasionally if it would be done so politely.

In General La Marmora's preface to his new work, he gives his chief reason for writing it, as follows: "My view is, that it is right and necessary that the citizen of a constitutional state should know exactly how it has been and is governed. Italy probably needs, more than any other country, the peace in which to consolidate her newly-founded unity. But it is no less true that fresh and alarming complications may arise, in which we Italians shall be involved. There can be no safer guides for the political and military questions, which will infallibly present themselves, than the events of the past, which the new will probably very much resemble, and the understanding

of which will show the causes that operate, and the persons that can be trusted." The work is fiercely criticised in the ultramontane press, for its hostility to the secular power of the pope.

On a Sunday evening, recently, a well-known clergyman was eloquently enlarging upon the duty of forgiving one's enemies; and, among the questions which he put to the congregation—without, of course, expecting an answer—was, "Do you love your enemies?" To his surprise, some one promptly replied, "No, sir!" The speaker who thus unexpectedly made answer was a little boy sitting in one of the front pews; and the result, as may be imagined, was the upsetting of the gravity of both preacher and congregation.

In the town of Alfred, Maine, an old lady has been discovered whose singular good fortune it was to be born on the 4th of July, 1776. She is a Shaker, and her name is Lucy Langdon Nowell. It is another of her virtues that she has never been in a railroad-car, and it is proposed, if she holds out so long, to send her, in a Pullman palace-car, to adorn the opening of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

The German critics are chaffing Alexandre Dumas for undertaking to "introduce" a translation of Goethe's "Faust" in Paris, though he confesses that he only knows enough of the German language to "ask his way, take his railway-ticket, and order his meals when in Germany!"

A Yedo publisher has lately brought out a "Life of Washington," in forty-five volumes, printed in Japanese characters, and profusely illustrated. The Father of his Country is represented in the clothes of the present day, wears a heavy mustache, carries a cane, and is accompanied by a Skye terrier!

A pocket boot-jack has just been invented in Danbury, Connecticut. You put your foot in your pocket, give a spring into the air, and off comes your boot.

Alexandre Dumas has declared his intention of not writing any more for the stage.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

OCTOBER 3.—Death, in Dorchester Co., Md., of Thomas King Carroll, ex-Governor of Maryland.

Organization of the Evangelical Alliance, New-York City.

Prorogation of the British Parliament until September 16, 1874.

Dispatch of the formal application of Captain Werner for a trial, by court-martial, for his course while in command of the Frederick Karl in Spanish waters.

OCTOBER 4.—Advices from the Cape of Good Hope report that sickness has broken out among the troops on the coast.

Intelligence of the recent death of Professor Pedašchinka, of Moscow, Russia, frozen to death on Mont Blanc.

Report of the failure of the crops in Hungary, and that famine prevails.

A financial panic in Alexandria, Egypt; no failures reported.

OCTOBER 5.—Execution of the condemned Modoc Indians at Fort Klamath, Oregon.

Dispatch that three hundred and fifty deputies of the French Assembly have pledged themselves to vote for the restoration of the monarchy.

Dispatch that M. Thiers approves of the alliance between republicans and imperialists; the monarchists daily gain ground; M. Thiers and his allies striving to prevent the proclamation of the monarchy at the meeting of the Assembly.

Carlists evacuate Estella, Spain, now occupied by the Republican forces.

Announcement that the Castellar government contemplates the consolidation of the Spanish and Cuban debts.

OCTOBER 6.—Trial by court-martial of Marshal Bazaine begun, the Duke d'Aumale presiding.

The Spanish insurgent iron-clads Almanza and Vittoria are off Aguila, and appear to be heading for Cartagena.

General Sabella joins Don Alfonso; received with cheers by the Carlists.

Dispatch that the Carlists are losing ground in the northern provinces of Spain; the siege of Cartagena is actively proceeding; many of the insurrectionists desert daily, and surrender to the Republican forces.

It is believed that General Manteuffel will soon replace Count von Arnim as German ambassador to France.

OCTOBER 7.—Death, at Alexandria, Virginia, of Commodore William Jameson, on the retired list of the United States Navy.

Bishop Reinkens, the leader of the Old Catholics in Prussia, takes the oath of allegiance to the Emperor of Germany.

Announcement that on the arrival of the Republican fleet at Cartagena, Spain, that city will be attacked on all sides simultaneously.

Advices that General Zepida, the deposed Governor of Coahuila, Mexico, is raising a military force with the design of reinstating himself in office.

Unveiling at Copenhagen of the statue of the late King Frederick VII. of Denmark.

Terrible tornado at Charleston, S. C.; railway-station Northeast Railroad destroyed; many persons injured, one killed.

Death, at Bergen, N. J., of Dr. R. J. Clement, distinguished Danish historian and linguist.

OCTOBER 8.—Death of M. Désiré, the celebrated comedian of the French stage.

Announcement that M. Thiers favors a prolongation of MacMahon's term as President of France.

Brigham Young is reelected president of the Latter-day Saints.

Safety of the yacht Meta; she arrives off Egg Harbor, N. J.

OCTOBER 9.—Dispatch that the Count de Chambord has left Frohsdorf, without making his destination known.

OCTOBER 10.—Intelligence of the death, at Paris, of M. Coste, professor at the College of France, and an eminent picioculturist.

The Carlists claim that General Olio routed the army of General Moriones near Ciranqui, on the 5th instant, forcing him to retreat to Puerto-la-Reyna. This intelligence since officially contradicted, with the assertion that the Carlists were defeated.

Announcement of the death, at Philadelphia, of the Rev. Henry Wood, D. D., chaplain of the United States Navy; and at Evansville, Ind., of Hon. John Law, an eminent judge.

Death of Count Maurice de Flavigny, a well-known French politician.

Terrible cyclone at Key West and Punta Rosa, Fla.; searises fourteen feet, and sweeps all before it.

Intelligence of Indian depredations in Southern Colorado.

Notices.

SOUTHERN TRAVEL.—Appletons' Hand-Book of American Travel—Southern Tour. Being a complete guide through Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, with full description of the cities, towns, mountains, rivers, lakes, battle-fields, hunting and fishing grounds, watering-places, resorts for invalids, etc., within the district named; with chapters on the West Indies and the Bermudas. Revised and corrected to the present date, October, 1873. This guide devotes large space to a description of the section resort to by invalids from the North, affording full information to those seeking that climate at this season. Cloth, flexible, price, \$2. Published by D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

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